American WEST

$3 AUGUST 1988

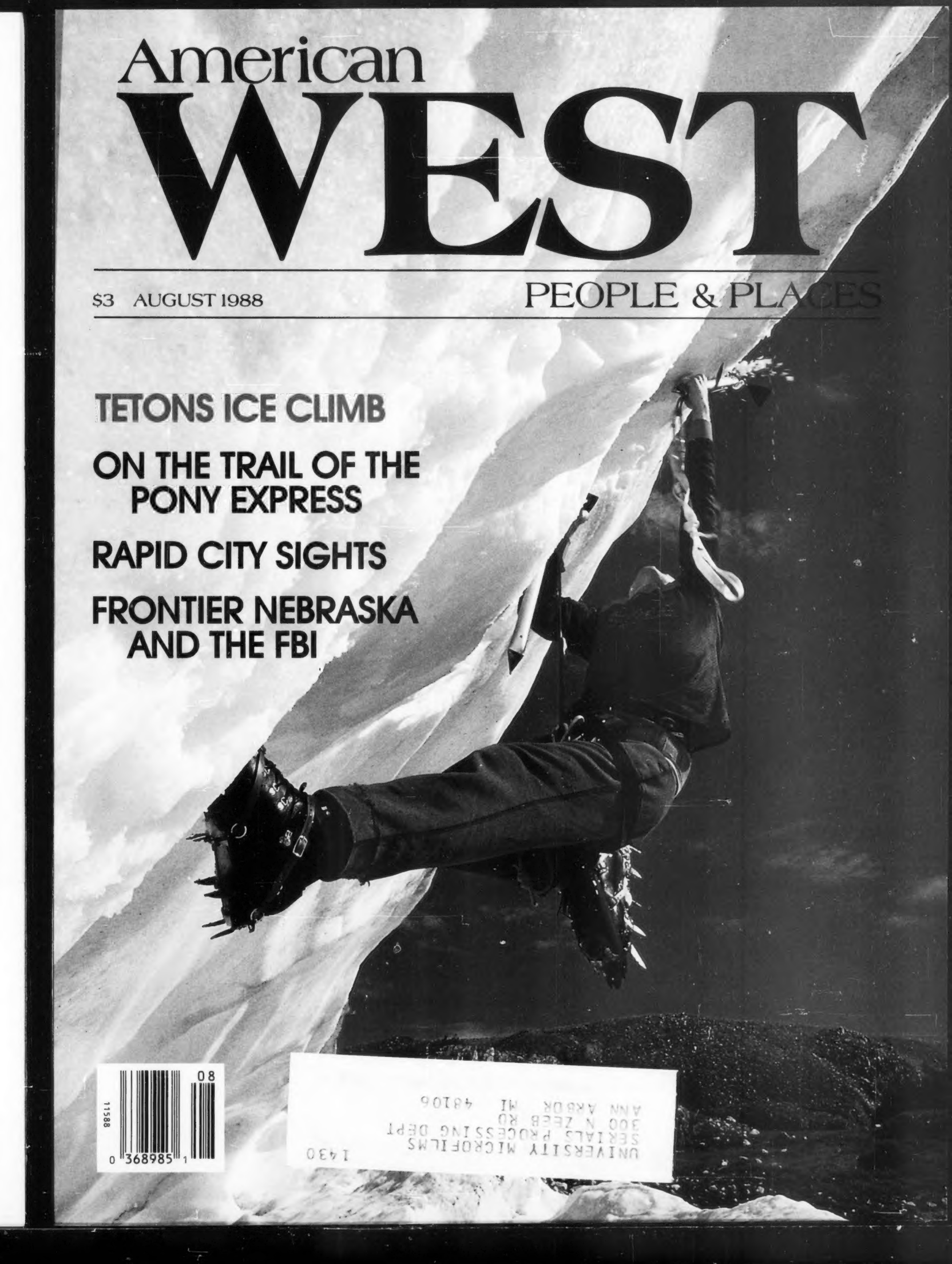
PEOPLE & PLACES

TETONS ICE CLIMB

ON THE TRAIL OF THE PONY EXPRESS

RAPID CITY SIGHTS

FRONTIER NEBRASKA AND THE FBI



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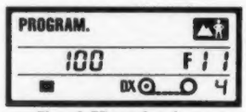

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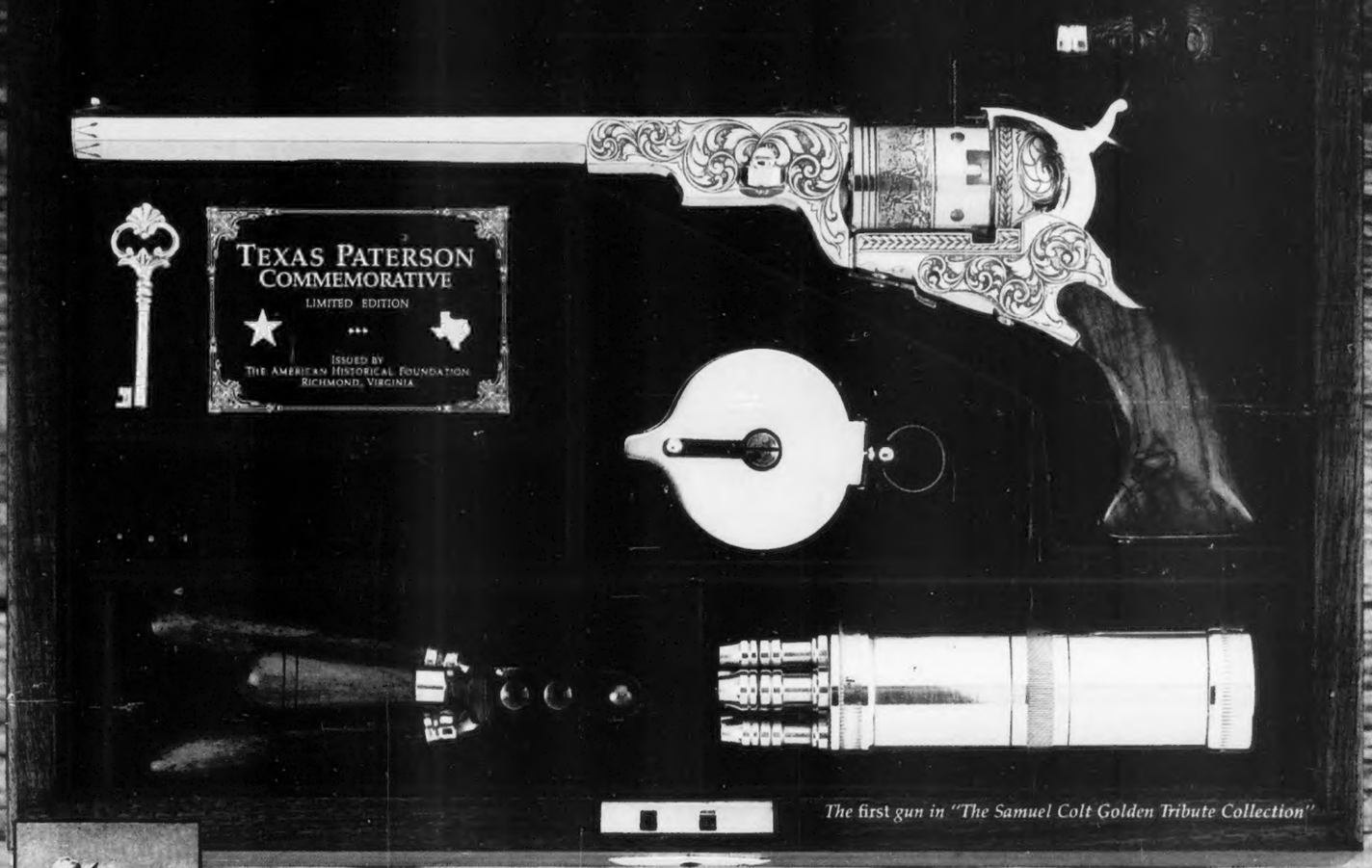

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This is the first gun in "The Samuel Colt Golden Tribute Collection," a series of hand-engraved, 24-Karat Gold plated commemoratives of famous revolvers originally created by—and now honoring—Samuel Colt.

The "first" is always of great interest to collectors. As the world's *first* commemorative Paterson, this is in a class of distinction which has seen many significant, well-documented price increases. This is destined to be an important classic.

Traditional features found in the finest Patersons—and present here—are: hand engraving in an authentic Texas Paterson pattern on both sides of the frame; beautiful hand-fitted burl walnut grip; and desirable, long, 9" octagonal barrel. The complete Revolver is deluxe polished and plated with genuine 24-Karat Gold for lasting beauty and value.

Limited Edition: Only 950

Many arms collectors will recognize the significance of this commemorative issue, but only the first 947 to reply will be able to add one to their collection; only 950 are being made. Appropriately, Serial Nos. 1, 2 and 3 have been presented in Texas to notable officials. Each Commemorative is serially numbered from 1 to 950 and accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity which attests to the edition limit and the purity of the 24-Karat Gold. You will also receive a written history of the Texas Paterson and the Texas Rangers.

Proof Tested: Fires .36-Caliber

Each gun is proof tested and fires five, .36-caliber lead roundballs, just as the originals. Because this fires blackpowder, it can be delivered directly to you; no Federal Firearms License is needed.

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To place your reservation, simply call, write or visit. A convenient monthly payment plan is available; satisfaction is guaranteed.

With its three military history museums in its National Historic Landmark Headquarters, "Columbia-Camp Casey," The American Historical Foundation has Members in 29 countries around the world, has a true dedication to military history and has earned the reputation as the leading organization in the field of military commemorative arms—your assurance of authenticity and quality. When you place your reservation, you will be made a Member.

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In remembrance of the men who defended America's frontier with Texas Patersons, The American Historical Foundation has made the following presentations of Texas Paterson Commemoratives:

Serial No. 1 to the Governor of Texas
Serial No. 2 to the Texas Ranger Museum
Serial No. 3 to the General of the Texas Army

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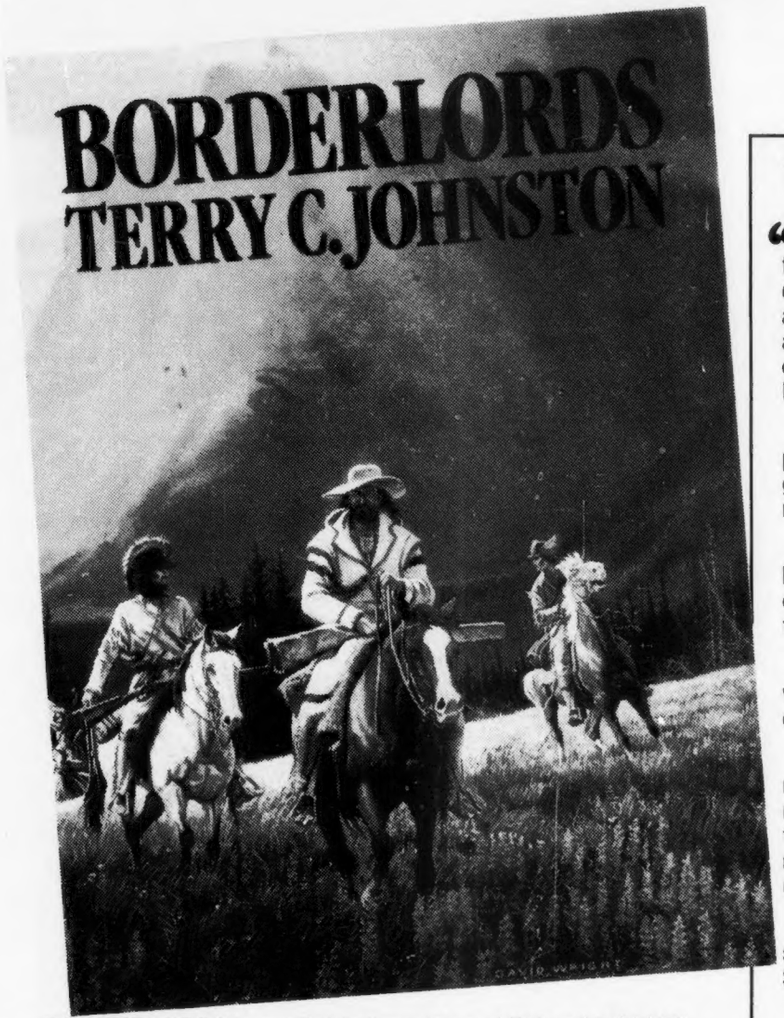

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The Rocky Mountain News:

"When we last saw Titus Bass, "Scratch" to his friends, it was in the final pages of Terry Johnston's *Carry the Wind.* That book won the best first novel award from the Western Writers of America, and as readers we wanted to see more of this battered old mountain man and his young sidekick, Josiah Paddock.

We start out in *Borderlords* with that desperate pair finally reaching their destination, where Josiah gets healed and Scratch finds love with a comely maiden.

Friends and lovers have a way of falling out; however, and in a fit of pique Scratch heads west over the Rockies, alone, seeking a purer freedom, fleeing the ghosts of too many deaths.

It's a brutal trip. Scratch is attacked by Indians, winter and wolves. It is man against the wilderness, epic in its telling.

The trick with this type of historical fiction is to make us feel as if we're actually there, and our novelist doesn't let us down. We can smell sage fires in the Crow lodges, feel the stinging cold of mountain freshets, know the aching emptiness of unpeopled space.

Johnston has threaded a revenge motif into his story, and at the fabled Green River Rendezvous, Scratch and Josiah face ancient enemies.

In the end, you will remember *Borderlords* for the adventure and the authenticity, which is as it should be. Johnston's final book in the trilogy is due in 1987. I want very much to make that trip with Scratch and plan to start laying in my supplies and fattening up my mules.

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American WEST

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PHOTO BY CAROLYN Z. ROTH

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Cover Ice-climber Mike Moe makes his way up overhanging snow, one of the hazards to be conquered on a summer climb in the Teton Range in northwestern Wyoming. Our piece on ice climbing testifies to the Western love of daring and adventure in meeting nature's exciting challenges in our part of the country.

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VIEW FROM THE WEST

DRAWING BY WILL PEW

"STRESS IN THE WEST!" The headline blazed in alarming, block letters from the *Rodale's Men's Health* newsletter. [We get all kinds of mail at the magazine.] It seems researchers from the University of New Hampshire, after evaluating all fifty of the United States on the basis of fifteen stress-producing criteria, had uncovered a seething hotbed of a particularly virulent strain of stress in the Western states.

Being unequivocally opposed to stress of any kind (and in fact, a member of the western division of NAPS — the National Association to Prevent Stress), the very thought that a full-flagged epidemic of stress might have broken out in my locale without even my knowing it was cause for alarm.

Not to agitate unduly my colleagues in the editorial department at AMERICAN WEST, where we share a large office, I quietly laid two fingers on my wrist to check my pulse. My pulse appeared normal — so I read on. New Hampshire scholars had discovered that "seemingly tranquil Nevada," as they put it, rang the bell at the top of their stress meter. That image of the bell-ringing, stress-infected state so close at hand brought to mind vivid images of my own blood pressure rising. Sure enough, my pulse quickened even as I read on.

Although my home state was not mentioned in the Rodale article, it doesn't take a geography genius to know that Arizona and Nevada share a common border. Even as I sat there, fidgeting uneasily at my desk, trying for the sake of my colleagues to suppress my alarm, malevolent stress was seeping across the border, drifting south from Nevada.

With what I thought was just a touch of Eastern glee over our Western misfortune, the article noted: "Western states clearly presented a more manic profile, while allegedly hyper New York finished a cooi twenty-seventh, highlighting the low-key performance turned in by Eastern states in general." If the article had quoted less authoritative sources than the scholars in New Hampshire, I would have thought these people were writing under the influence of a controlled substance.

"Boy, had we been fooling ourselves out here," I ruminated, breaking into a sweat. "Just think of all of those lucky, placid millions living in New York City, Boston, and Washington, D.C. And all the millions more commuting to those meccas of tranquility." My eyes filling with tears, I blurted out loud, "Lucky devils."

A startled fellow editor who was at work on the word processor jerked her head away from the screen. "What did you say, Tom?" she asked, giving me a frightened, quizzical look. Could she tell? Did it show already? Was I the first person in my office to come down with Western Stress? A too cruel irony, I thought, that the editor of this magazine dedicated to the celebration of the West should be the first to be struck down.

I was trembling now. Just plain scared. And there they were, my fellow editors. Innocents. At work on an issue about what a great place the West is in the summer. A pack of lies! It was all a pack of lies! The people at the University of New Hampshire had stripped away our Western mask of tranquility. People out here were kidding themselves, and as editor of this magazine I was a part of the big lie.

For the moment, however, I was a lot more worried about myself than I was about the misleading information we were putting in the magazine about what a great place the West is. I read on, trying to steady my hand now. In the case of Nevada, the article continued, refusing to let the pathetic, stressed-out state off the hook with just being at the top of the New Hampshire stress-o-meter, "loose laws and gambling evidently are getting on a lot of people's nerves." And this confirmed by no less an authority on the West than a spokesman for the New York Mutual Health Department.

My feverish mind raced ahead now: "An awful lot of people in Arizona go to Nevada to gamble. Everyone knows that. Someone I knew, as a result of those 'loose laws,' could have come back to Tucson carrying Western Stress. I might have come into contact . . ."

"Yes," I recalled with an agonizing flash. "I had felt a chill in my accountant's office on April 14 when he handed me my tax return. But I thought it was just the sickening content of the return. That was chilling enough, cause enough for just plain stress, but not this infectious strain of Western Stress."

Then I remembered. He'd been to Las Vegas. In fact he goes to Las Vegas every year. He and his wife both go! "Fool," I screamed inside. "It's not enough he tortures me with taxes. He's exposed me to Western Stress from Nevada."

Trembling I rose from my desk on unsteady legs. By this time the other editors had stopped working on the issue. They were staring at me. "You alright, Tom?" someone blurted out, but I could barely hear him. I staggered for the door. I knew now. The awful truth. Even if I moved East it was probably too late.

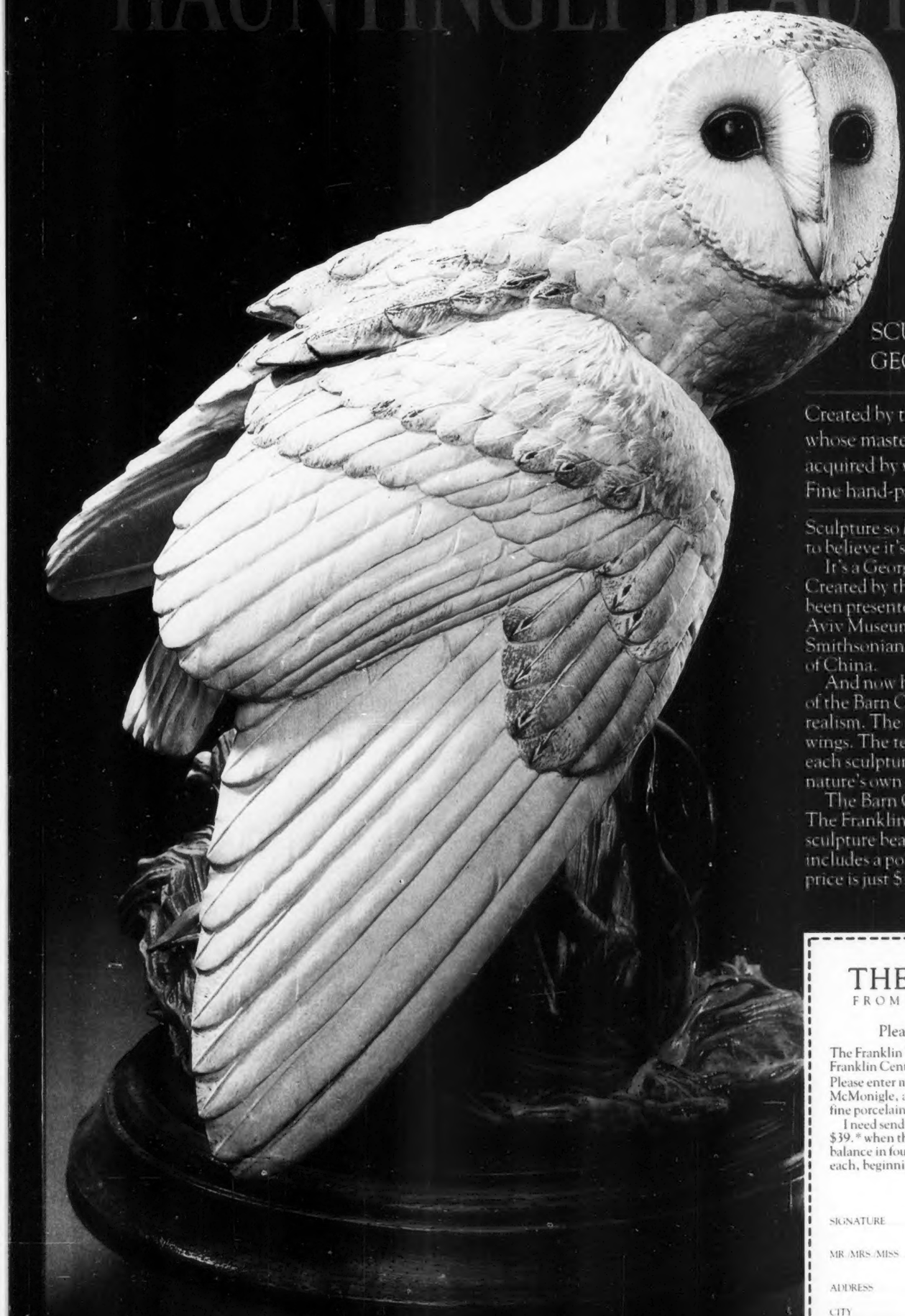
"Rest," I murmured, my voice fading, without even turning around. "I've got to get some rest." Because of my membership in NAPS I knew my colleagues in the editorial department already thought I got more than my share of rest, but I couldn't tell them.

Not now. Not here. Not this way. Not in the midst of our summer fun-and-frolic issue. Let them have their fun. Let them have their illusions. And let the readers enjoy themselves, too. What harm could it do now. As for me it was too late. No amount of rest was going to stop this. I dropped the health newsletter in the wastebasket as I staggered out the door.

They . . . everyone will find out soon enough.

Tom Pew

HAUNTINGLY BEAUTIFUL



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"Phoenix Fling," valid May 28-Sept. 5, 1988, $75 single occupancy, $85 double occupancy. Includes complimentary cocktail and sun visor upon arrival. Additional facilities: 4 restaurants, 2 lounges, 3 pools, 2 18-hole PGA-rated golf courses, 17 tennis courts (16 lighted, 3 with artificial grass), exercise salon with aerobics, sauna, Universal weight room, masseur/masseuse, jogging & bicycle trails, shopping arcade, beauty salon. 602-955-6600/800-528-3696.

GOLD CANYON RESORT & CONFERENCE CENTER

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30, 1988 (Sun-Thurs), $55 double occupancy. Includes 18 holes of golf with cart, full breakfast. Additional facilities: horseback riding, hayrides, 2 lighted tennis courts, bicycle rental, pool, hot air ballooning, helicopter rides. 602-982-9090 (ext. 560).

HYATT REGENCY SCOTTSDALE AT GAINEY RANCH

7500 E. Doubletree Ranch Rd., Scottsdale, AZ
"Summer Splash," valid May 15-Sept. 15, 1988, $90 per night, single/double occupancy. Includes daily continental breakfast for 2, tennis, daily tennis clinic, use of health club, children's activities for ages 5-12. Additional facilities: half-acre "water playground" with 10 pools, 3-story water slide & sand beach, 27 holes of golf, tennis (including a grass court), health & fitness center, 3 restaurants, lounge. 602-991-3388/800-228-9000.

THE INN AT McCORMICK RANCH —A CLARION RESORT

7401 N. Scottsdale Rd., Scottsdale, AZ
"Summer Golf Package," valid July 1-Aug.31, 1988, $66 per person, per day, double occupancy. Full buffet breakfast, one round of championship golf. Additional facilities: restaurant, lounge, tennis, pool, sailing, children's activities. 602-948-5050/800-528-3130.

MARRIOTT'S CAMELBACK INN

5402 E. Lincoln Dr., Scottsdale, AZ
"Unlimited Sports," valid May 15-Sept. 10, 1988, $89 single occupancy, $99 double occupancy. Includes full breakfast, unlimited golf & tennis. Additional facilities: 6 restaurants & lounges, 2 pools, 10 tennis courts, 36 holes of championship golf. Mobil Five Star & AAA Five Diamond Awards. 602-948-1700/800-228-9290.

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5641 E. Lincoln Dr., Scottsdale, AZ
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THE POINTE RESORTS

3 Phoenix locations:
7777 S. Pointe Parkway; 7677 N. 16th St.; 11111 N. 7th St.
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RED LION LA POSADA RESORT

4949 E. Lincoln Dr., Scottsdale, AZ
"Summer 'Saver' Package," valid June 1-Sept. 15, 1988, $39.95 per person, double occupancy. Includes unlimited tennis & spa privileges, 1 breakfast per person, 2 cocktails per person, 1 bottle of suntan lotion. Additional facilities: 3 restaurants, 4 lounges, 2 pools, putting green, racquetball, volleyball. 602-952-0420.

THE REGISTRY RESORT

7171 N. Scottsdale Rd., Scottsdale, AZ
"Your Advantage," valid May 16-Sept. 15, 1988, $235 single occupancy, $175 per person double occupancy. Includes 3 days & 2 nights, 2 full breakfasts, 1-hour private tennis lesson, 2 hours on ball machine, 1 can tennis balls, souvenir T-shirt. Additional facilities: 3 pools, outdoor whirlpool, health spa, 36 holes of golf, 2 lounges, 2 restaurants, gift shops, 21 lighted tennis courts. 602-991-3800.

SCOTTSDALE HILTON RESORT & SPA

6333 N. Scottsdale Rd., Scottsdale, AZ
"'Saver' The Summer in Style," valid May 23-Sept. 11, 1988, $62 for room/$88 for villa, double occupancy. Includes full breakfast for 2, unlimited use of health spa. Additional facilities: pools, 4 lighted tennis courts, pro shop, nightly live entertainment in lounge, restaurant. 602-948-8850.

SCOTTSDALE PRINCESS

7575 E. Princess Dr., Scottsdale, AZ
"Royal Escapade," valid May 22-Sept. 10, 1988, beginning at $82 per person, double occupancy. Includes 2 nights/3 days, welcome cocktail, room with private terrace, Princess T-shirt, 1 hour of tennis, admission to health spa with exercise equipment, steam baths, sauna, all taxes & gratuities. Additional facilities: 3 pools, 2 Jacuzzis, 18-hole TPC golf course, 10 tennis courts, 4 restaurants, 8 bars/lounges. 800-223-1818.

SHERATON SAN MARCOS CONFERENCE CENTER & RESORT

1 San Marcos Pl., Chandler, AZ
"Stay & Play," valid May 30-Sept. 11, 1988, $69 per room, double occupancy. Includes golf & cart daily for up to 2 people, 2 children free in parents' room. Additional facilities: 18-hole PGA championship golf course, tennis, pools, whirlpool spa, 5 restaurants & lounges. 602-963-6655.

SHERATON SCOTTSDALE RESORT

7200 N. Scottsdale Rd., Scottsdale, AZ
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WESTCOURT IN THE BUTTES

2000 Westcourt Way, Tempe, AZ
"Oh What A Butte!" Weekend Getaway, valid May 24-Sept. 7, 1988, $62 single/double occupancy (Fri-Sun). Includes complimentary use of health club, tennis, shuttle from airport. Additional facilities: 2 restaurants, 2 lounges, live entertainment, 2 whirlpools, swimming pools, 5 lighted tennis courts, hiking & jogging paths. 602-225-9000.

THE WICKENBURG INN

Highway 89, Wickenburg, AZ
Summer rates: $80-110, single occupancy; $130-170, double occupancy, valid June 4-Oct. 1, 1988. Rates are based on full American plan, which includes 3 meals a day, swimming, horseback riding, tennis, arts & crafts, nature center, standard ranch activities. 602-684-7811/800-528-4227.

WYNDHAM PARADISE VALLEY RESORT

5401 N. Scottsdale Rd., Scottsdale, AZ
"Play in Paradise," valid May 15-Sept. 14, 1988, $59 per person, double occupancy. Includes 2 nights/3 days, cocktail per night, continental breakfast daily, use of health club facilities, unlimited outdoor tennis. Additional facilities: 2 pools, whirlpool spas, racquetball courts, indoor tennis, 2 restaurants, nightclub, lounge, massage. 602-947-5400/800-334-5400.

TUCSON AREA

ARIZONA INN

2200 E. Elm St., Tucson, AZ
"Original Southwestern Oasis," valid May 20-Sept. 14, 1988, $88 double occupancy (includes tax and gratuity). Includes welcoming bottle of champagne in room, full breakfast from dining room menu. Additional facilities: dining room, cocktail lounge, library, pool, tennis courts. 602-325-1541/800-421-1093.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Obliging pony

Regarding Western Snapshot Today in your April issue: A setting of f/5.6 for 60 seconds using Kodacolor 400? I don't believe it. How did the photographer get her "alert and ready" pack pony to hold still? Should it have been 1/60 second?

Enjoyed the picture.

Scott Whitehouse
Corona del Mar, California

Rhythms of the earth

And where have I been all your life? The June 1988 issue was the first issue of AMERICAN WEST that I have read, and I am in love.

I particularly enjoyed the article "Frank Waters: Rhythms of the Earth." It is also one of my beliefs that we have gotten too far away from an appreciation of the beauties of this earth that God, the Great Spirit, gave us to live on.

My point of view is that a return to spiritual belief is what is needed if the human race is to survive.

Dona E. Wilson
Vestal, New York

California, here we go

I hope the water-skier on the cover of the June AMERICAN WEST is a detour and not a change of course. If I want trendy restaurants or California sun spots, I can and do subscribe to *Sunset* and *Motorland*. What I've always liked about AMERICAN WEST is that it writes about the places otherwise neglected by everyone but the locals in Butte, Bend, or Bismark. California's a wonderful state, but I can read about it almost anywhere.

Cathy Castillo
Redwood City, California

More about Earth First!

I had to read your editorial (April) twice before I understood what you were trying to say. Your anger got so in your way that it was confusing. I still don't know what a spike is, although I know it can hurt someone. And I still don't know if there is any evidence that Earth First! did the spike or why you seemingly group all environmentalists into a group who walk around, don't do what you call "work," and spout idealisms all the day long.

Your gross generalities on everything from roads into pristine wilderness, timbering, whether people do what you call work or not, and so on make me about as sick as the young George Alexander's face missing.

Margaret C. Adkins
Scotts Valley, California

Thank you so much for eloquently stating feelings that I and the majority of Americans share in your April issue's View from the West. The proliferation of special interest groups in this country and the abundance of attorneys available to them, along with their blinders-on approach to dealing with real or primarily imagined problems or situations, will continue to foster a doomsday atmosphere in this country. Unfortunately, their ability to attract prime media attention only worsens the situation.

I read Abbey's book quite some time ago and viewed it as entertainment. I can see why the moneyed nonworkers could accept it as a textbook. Again, thank you for the column, and I hope you continue to speak out from whatever podium you can find to denounce these dangerous groups and people.

R. A. Maxwell
Helena, Alabama

In your April 1988 editorial — if I'm reading you correctly — you are primarily concerned with the *means* of response and the *degree* of what is referred to these days as the concern on the part of the neo-Luddites. I suppose part of the problem is that a disproportionate burden falls on the West when it comes to preserving the natural environment from encroachment. As serious as the issue of injury resulting from the antics of idealistic and/or just plain god-awful kids is, the metaphor of your closing paragraph

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does nothing to clarify the complexity of the issue.

If the problem is in fact *overspray*, one ought to be damn sure to be upwind of it. And from there, of course (to mix my metaphor as well), the s--- could just hit the fan.

Tom Repensek
New York, New York

Fertile longears

Regarding fertile mules: rare, but they do exist. (See "In Praise of Longears" by Jay Dusard, AMERICAN WEST, December 1987.)

I cannot give you the exact date, but I recall reading, back in the midsixties, an article in *Western Horseman* titled "Old Babe, the fertile mule." I think she was with the U.S. Army.

Carita M. Culmer
Phoenix, Arizona

Montana game preserve

In the April issue, "Western Lookout" refers to a proposal to make much of eastern Montana into a huge game preserve. This pipe dream was concocted by a resident of WESTERN Montana.

The phrase "allowing overgrazed rangeland to return to its former state" is the one thing that arouses the ire of ranchers in the area. If they had overgrazed any of this, they would have been starved out long ago. This is a land of minimal rainfall and has never been anything like a lush grassland since the time of the dinosaurs.

Ranchers operating "private game preserves" are not doing it to "return the land to its primitive state" but to give them some control over hunters.

Ruth Cameron
Martinsdale, Montana

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Letters may be cut for reasons of space, without altering their meaning. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd., Suite 30, Tucson, AZ 85715

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Author Mark Jenkins is pictured climbing vertical ice, one of the physical and mental challenges encountered on a July ascent in the Tetons in Wyoming. (Opposite) *His climbing partner Mike Moe makes his way up the Run-Don't-Walk route on Mount Owen.*

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RUN-DON'T-WALK TO NEAREST ICE CLIMB

To challenge the Tetons in July

by Mark Jenkins

PHOTO BY MARK JENKINS

I THOUGHT IT MIGHT TURN INTO AN EPIC. ICE CLIMBing and epics are often synonymous. The Tetons had beckoned us for years, but Mike and I had always ended up climbing somewhere else. Last year we resolved to scale ice on the Fourth of July, in the Tetons.

In northern Wyoming, ice climbing is possible most months — winter never forsakes the dark side of a mountain. However, the condition of the ice varies enormously: tinfoil-thin ribbons to solid pillars and every imaginable formation in between. The state-of-the-ice determines the degree of difficulty and danger; hollow, rotten ice is magnitudes more deadly than crystal trunks four feet deep.

We were wondering just how good the ice could be when we set out from Jackson Hole. It was 91° in the shade. Sweating, humping a load of ice axes, ice screws, pounds of goose down, and pounds of M&Ms, we curled up Cascade Canyon. We took the Cascade Creek Trail, intent on trying the Black Ice Couloir, a "classic American ice climb" on the north side of the Grand Teton. But not two miles up the canyon, our attention was distracted by a lightning streak of white, cleaving the face of another mountain.

We weren't sure what ice climb we were staring up at, or what mountain. But ignorance had never deterred us before (the limits of our miscalculation remain to this day unfathomed). So without a second thought, we ditched the Black Ice Couloir for whatever was several thousand feet above us. (I had a funny feeling it was a route called "Run-Don't-Walk," one of the hardest ice routes in the Tetons, but I kept that to myself.) We swung off the trail and were abruptly entangled in a cobweb of willows.

Often the approach to an ice climb is more involved than the climb itself. Our first obstacle was capricious Cascade Creek. Due to the heat, water was running high, drowning both banks. We searched twenty minutes for a non-wet way across before realizing that none existed. Mike first tested the water barefoot, but the bullish current rammed his toes into sharp stones. Smiling, he wallowed back with bruised feet and suggested we cross with our boots on and hope they dry out. They never did, but we forded the creek in comfort.

From the trail we had traced a mental route through a series of water-streaked rock bands and nettle-infested, boulder-strewn slopes to reach a high glacier. This in mind, we started up. After every foray through the boulder fields, we clamored up the rock bands beside splashing waterfalls to wash away the sting and sweat. In two hours we gained 2200 feet to reach the glacier's snout and only then dragged out the map and compass. From our elevated vantage point it was clear we were on the north face of Mount Owen. And confirming my suspicions, the white scar we were bound for was Run-Don't-Walk.

Since man first climbed ice — bearded Scots in baggy knickers, hobnail boots, and five-pound, wool sweaters — it's been traditional to find a proper, climb's-eve campsite. The perfect campsite need be large enough only to fit two men who toss

PHOTO BY JERRY CLAYTON

PHOTO BY MARK JENKINS

Mike Moe climbs through waterfalls at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Owen, on the way to a night at the "Pika Hilton" under the protective overhang of a giant boulder on the mountain slope.

during dreams, but it must be level, dry, shielded from the wind, have a breathtaking view, and be within ten feet of running water. You find a campsite like that about once every decade. But by some fluke of geography, we found just such a spot beneath the giant, red roof of a two-story boulder. We were squatters, though, obliged to share our abode with its permanent resident, a loud-mouthed pika. Mike immediately dubbed the site the "Pika Hilton." We spent the evening, as we always have, debating anything esoteric.

Morning came before we could dream. Because the sun's heat has evil hands that push off rocks, ice blocks, and avalanches, ice climbing is best done early in the morning. Just to reach our ice route we first had to traverse the glacier, ascend a narrow, vertical gully, scramble up a rock ramp, navigate diagonally over a sharp ridge, and finally contour into the couloir.

It was dark, and an inky glaze coated the sky when we shuffled to the base of the glacier. We unsheathed our ice axes, strapped on crampons, and flew up the glacier in half an hour. The sun was groggily pulling onto the horizon when we leapt from the snow into the rock gully.

Long-time climbing partners develop idiosyncratic habits. It had become customary for Mike and me to carry a rope and an anvil-weight of climbing hardware, but never to use it. Sort of an exercise in pseudo-safety. We would plug it all into our packs — and there it would stay, lugged around all day. Usually when we most needed the rope, each of us

cursing audibly from fear, the situation was so precarious that taking it out was impossible. At the start of the gully, the rope was at the bottom of Mike's pack.

AT FIRST THE CLIMBING WAS EASY, BUT THE FISsure soon narrowed and began to bend outward. Unnervingly, the rock went from rotten to ridiculous. Mike had to step out onto a ledge because I was unloosing softball-sized stones on him. As I moved up, each foothold and handhold became a large question mark. Would it hold? Two-thirds of the way up, a stone the size of a small car obstructed the route. My first attempt at overcoming it failed when a large foothold popped off almost taking me with it. Fear, like an old acquaintance you're not sure you want to meet again, suddenly threw his arm around me. I delicately tested different knobs and protrusions; the best were out on the exposed middle section of the boulder. A fall would be a messy, 500-foot, bouncing affair. Wishing I were tied into a rope, and purposefully ignoring my invisible acquaintance, I stepped out onto one small crystal, pulled up on a fingernail hold, made several clean maneuvers, and lunged over the block. Ten more minutes of tenuous climbing, and I reached the ridge crest.

Beyond the idiosyncracies of long-time climbing partners is an unspoken confidence in one another. Mike and I were of roughly equal climbing ability, which means each of us could be relatively certain that the other could climb what the first had climbed. I guessed Mike would sweat a bit, renew old acquaintance as I had just below the obstruction, then carefully surmount it. And he did. Tromping up loose rock together, we joked about carrying a rope and vowed not to descend the way we'd just come up.

By following a grassy ledge we circumvented the sheer walls of the next rock ridge and notched directly into the bottom of the ribbon of ice we'd seen the day before. Dawn was in full swing, but we were standing in the shade. Leaning backwards, peering up into the darkness, we were shocked. The clean white stripe we had seen from the trail was actually a broken, contorted line of melting ice and snow.

We had our usual token conversation about backing off but were already moving up. A pitch of brisk soloing passed below us. Suddenly the snow disappeared into two vertical slabs of ice cleaved by a spitting waterfall. A month earlier the water would have been hidden behind a secure wall of ice. Instead, the narrow couloir resembled a gaping wound, discolored ice peeled back on either side of gushing water.

With axes we chopped out a small platform in the snow and silently studied the ice. Water running this heavily this early in the morning was an ominous sign. Running water has wicked feet that kick ice and rock down on top of scared ice climbers.

Mike grinned, "Well, what are our alternatives?"

Mike was inevitably Mr. Alternatives. Always clear, always calm, always decisive. While listing all the things we could do other than climb the ice — "Mark, you know we could just sit up here and sing, sing at the top of our lungs, or yodel, maybe name the capitals of all the African nations before independence, how about counting freckles or" — he methodically tightened his crampons, unsheathed his second ice axe and adjusted his helmet. When he stood up, he looked like a twentieth-century Viking, axes in each hand, steel teeth on his feet.

In his best John Wayne, Mike said, "Well, think I'll be heading up."

I had been watching the ice; small stones and sharp-edged ice shards were beginning to spill down the chute. An idea hit me.

"Mike, let's rope up."

"Naw, I think if I stem this hole . . . you know what it looks like . . . and then . . . damn it . . . just . . . let's see."

He was already climbing. Splinters of ice burst into space each time he kicked or swung in an axe. Although cursing and stabbing his way upward, he was climbing conservatively, sinking the teeth of his axes deep enough to make a low thudding sound. But the ice shuddered. The pillars of water were precariously balanced, held in place only by a thin web

GLOSSARY

As with any sport, golfing to skate boarding, ice climbing has a language of its own. Below is a short list with brief definitions for a few, common, ice-climbing words.

Belay: *As a verb this means to take in rope from above or let out rope from below as a climber is ascending. If the climber falls, the "belayer" holds fast to the rope stopping the fall. As a noun, belay simply indicates the place a climber intends to belay from.*

Couloir: *This is a steep, narrow cleft in the face of a mountain containing ice or snow. Because couloirs are almost always in the shade and at high elevations, they often contain ice or snow year round.*

Crampons: *These are metal spikes containing ten to twenty teeth that are strapped onto boots to enable an ice climber to gouge his way up ice.*

Ice Axe: *This is a specially designed tool varying in length from about one foot to three. The "pick" of an ice axe droops downward and has small teeth. At the other end is the adze, which is a wedge-shaped angle of metal. The ice axe is used in the same manner as crampons.*

Protection: *This is another word for climbing hardware, which is another word for chunks of metal fashioned into all shapes and sizes to fit into rock, snow or ice. The purpose of protection is to anchor the rope (which is tied to each climber) into the face of a mountain. If a climber falls, the belayer catches the climber after the rope has gone taut, and the protection catches the belayer and the climber. (This is an oversimplification but accurate.) To "protect" means to wedge, screw, or hammer protection into the face of a mountain. Pitons were formerly a popular means of protection, but today more sophisticated, removable devices are used, e.g., ice screws, stoppers, slings, etcetera.*

Repel: *To "repel" is to slide down the rope, attached to it by several, large, safety-pin-like links (carabiners). Repelling is the common means by which all climbers get off a mountain.*

of gray ice that attached to the adjoining rock walls. Mike overcame the wound and went out of sight. I yelled every so often and was answered by a faint "yo," hijacked by the wind. Often his answer was delayed — in those moments I knew our friend fear and Mike were talking it out.

Just as I was beginning to get cold, a wet wind dropped, "Mark . . . think I'll throw the rope down to you."

How polite. Mike was saying in his refined way that he wished he had had a rope, and so would I. I tied into the purple strand that slipped down over the ice. Roped up, I moved less cautiously than Mike. I climbed quickly, realizing that while in the wound, I was also in the fall line for projectiles gripped by gravity. When I reached Mike, he had a lip-splitting grin: "I'll bet this is the first time in two years we've used a rope."

I continued up. The ice changed back into solid snow. Climbing next to the rock, I effortlessly hammered up another hundred feet. At rope's end I balanced on the front points of my crampons, with a dizzying 2000-foot drop below me and no belay spot in sight. For the sake of speed, I tossed a knotted loop of rope over a peg of rock, hacked out a two-inch ledge in the ice, balanced in it on one foot, and yelled, "On belay." As I had with a top rope, Mike climbed swiftly. Only when he passed me, smirking at my interesting belay, did he regain his concentration.

HE WAS TWENTY FEET ABOVE ME WHEN IT HAPpened. The sound was first like faraway thunder; then, almost instantaneously, it became a howling roar as loud as two trains colliding. My stomach flattened sick against my ribs. Instinctively my head jerked up. I saw a room-sized block of ice, screaming in a cloud of ice needles and rock missiles, plummeting down on us. With the hollow voice of death, I howled, "Rock."

Before I covered my head and threw myself against the ice, praying I was thin as a cardboard, I saw Mike dive to the right to hide beneath a small rock outcrop.

Amplified by fear, lasting an eternity in two or three seconds, the screeching hail of rock and ice plunged over us. Then, absolute silence. I peered up at Mike. Miraculously, he was still delicately clinging to the ice, crouched beneath a rock overhang no bigger than a notebook. He had a blank stare on his face. In a voice just a little high he said, "Now . . . let's see . . . what are our alternatives." And managed a weak smile.

Water was flowing fast now, cutting the ice. It was too warm. Mike rapidly climbed up to a belay point sheltered beneath a rock roof. While shouting out our innumerable alternatives — "Go surfing, get a haircut, watch TV" — he belayed me up. But we had no alternatives. To finish the climb would be suicidal. Escape via traversing the adjacent rock faces was impossible; we were trapped by blank overhangs and smooth walls. Our only choice was to descend the ice chute as swiftly as possible, a game of Russian roulette with gravity.

With no discussion, I down-climbed back to my one-foot belay, protected it, and furiously belayed Mike down. Razor blades of ice occasionally sliced the air overhead reminding us that at any moment a guillotine slab could drop, With catlike stealth Mike descended to a safe belay in another stone concavity. I descended to his station, keeping one eye on the ice, the other on the hole of darkness where the block of ice had come from.

We had hoped to repel from Mike's belay, but when I reached it, I found his protection little better than a prayer. Cursing, I crept onto a ramp of loose, crumbling rock. After pulling out almost another full length of rope, I found a finger-sized slot solid enough to protect. On belay, Mike inched down to my ledge where we set up a repel. That repel, followed by another, dropped us into the notch where we had entered the couloir. Finally out of gravity's line of fire, we noticed that the sky was suddenly blue again. Sometimes success is just getting off without getting killed.

Humbled, that evening we checked out of the Pika Hilton. Our Lilliputian hotel keeper bid us farewell in his usual jocular style. After a wild descent repelling our packs over two different cliffs, then repelling ourselves from a tree trunk no larger than a woman's wrist, we reached Cascade Creek.

We were over a mile downriver from the point where we had crossed the day before. Knowing no dry way across existed, Mike simply sauntered into the current. The water surged over his waist — he kept walking — then it swirled up around his shoulders — he kept walking. As a swell was about to spill over his head, I heard him sputter, "Time to swim." And away he went, pack and all, powerfully breaststroking. On the far bank he pulled out and shouted. "Doesn't matter whether you keep your boots on or not."

Hoping to avoid dousing my pack, I took it off, balanced it on my head with one hand, and slipped into the creek. The water was cold; with each step I sank deeper. First my knees disappeared, then my legs. I dropped unexpectedly into a hole, and frigid water rolled up over my chest. A step further, and water washed up over my neck. When I was five feet from the bank, certain I had made it without swimming, I fell in over my head and simultaneously gurgled, "Help." Mike snatched one flailing arm and jerked me to solid ground.

Ice cold, we were dripping like muskrats. I looked over at Mike and couldn't help but smile. His camera had taken a dip and was oozing yellow liquid. He opened the back, removed the sticky film, and poured out the water. A laugh came over him. He started shouting "help, help" in his best drowning–Mark Jenkins imitation. We set off to find the trail.

It was dusk. Drenched, shrivering, and laughing, we stumbled onto three moose — towering, beautiful beasts with velvet antlers scooping the sky — feeding directly on the path. Dumbfounded into silence, we watched until the night went black, and then walked around. As the moon rose, I looked over my shoulder. It was too dark to see our ice climb. There was only a massive black space ending in a jagged outline, then a massive blue space. Seemed strange to think we'd been up there, but then epics are like that.

Mark Jenkins *writes about his outdoor adventures in a number of national magazines.*

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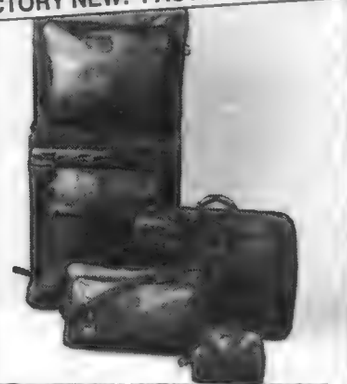

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THE GREATEST WILDFLOWER SHOW ON EARTH

By Erwin and Peggy Bauer

ALL PHOTOS BY THE AUTHORS

AT THE END OF LAST SUMMER'S BUSY TOURIST season, a Wyoming visitor center conducted a poll, asking travelers what they considered the most outstanding feature of the state. Many said that the mountains thrilled them most, others that the sight of the large mammals was best. More than a few opted for towns: the Old West atmosphere of Jackson, the hot springs of Thermopolis, the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody.

None of this was surprising, but the tally did produce a piece of information that startled the pollsters. A large number of tourists voted for none of the above; instead, they were most impressed by the extraordinary spectacle of wildflowers they had found in the Rocky Mountains.

"It's the most beautiful and most unexpected flower show," one visitor reported, "that I've ever seen anywhere." "Nothing," a New Yorker commented, "matches the wildflowers of July here, not even the famous flower show at home each spring." A European travel writer summed up her impression as "the greatest floral arrangement on earth."

And truly, it is. Nowhere else in the world, at least nowhere that we've ever wandered, do wildflowers grow in such profusion and variety. According to *A Field Guide to Rocky Mountain Wildflowers* (by Craighead, Craighead, and Davis, published by Houghton Mifflin), over 5,000 different species of flowering plants have been identified in the Rocky Mountain region. That is a statistic probably unequalled for a temperate area of similar size anywhere. Although a visitor might never be able to count all of the blooms during a single lifetime, nowhere else is such an awesome natural spectacle so easy to see and enjoy.

Whether the visitor explores the Rockies by hiking, on horseback, or from his own vehicle, he can't miss the flower show. Of course the plants bloom better in some places than in others, and we shall describe some of the more rewarding. But a little knowledge of basic botany will make the viewing even more interesting.

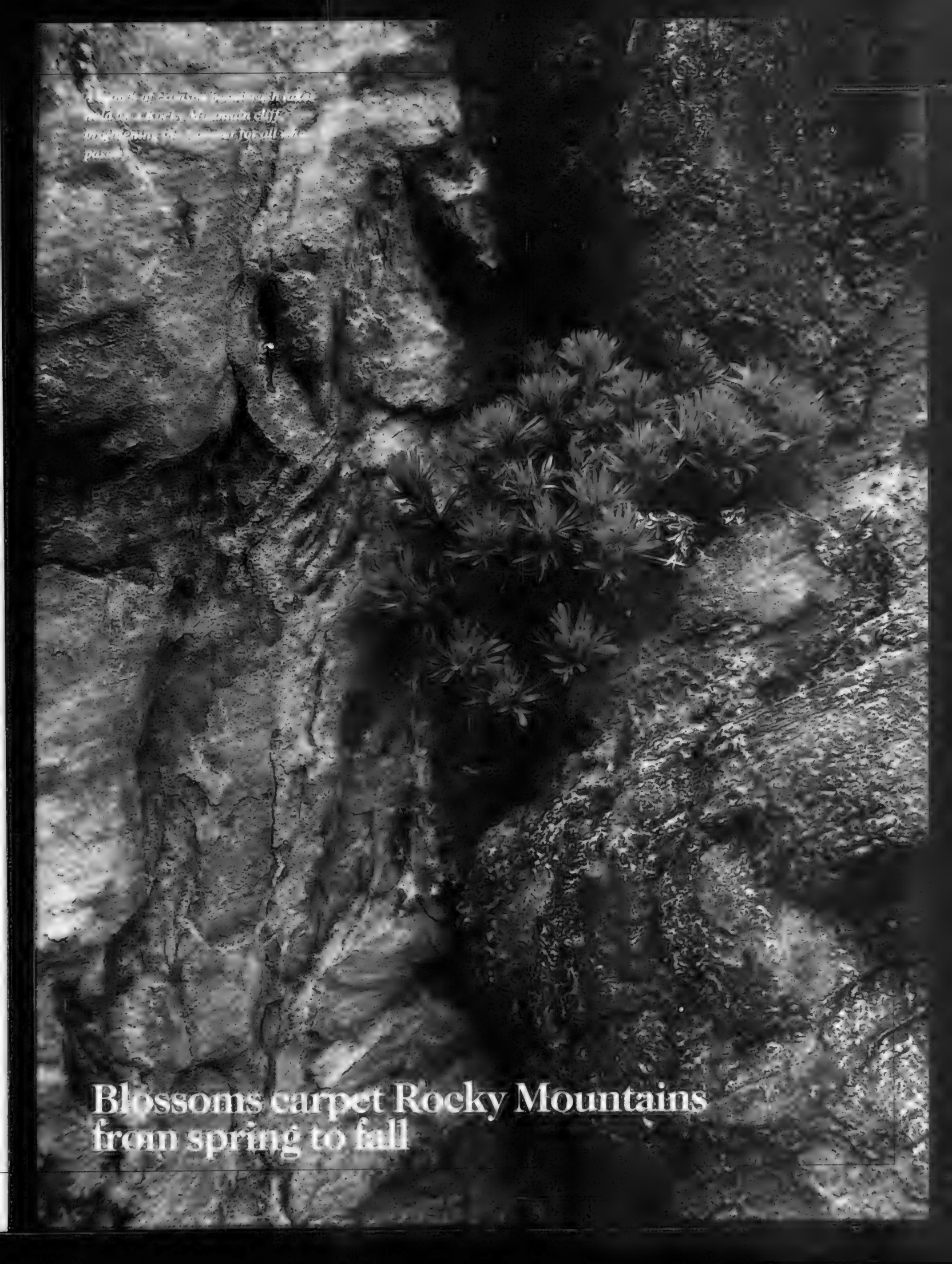
The great variety of Rocky Mountain wildflowers is easily explained. From our border with Canada to the Rio Grande, a significant variation in both latitude and altitude determines what will thrive and how well. Ten different life zones exist between the river-banks-and-sagebrush-flats below 1,000 feet and the tundra-and-snowfields that tower two miles above them. Each zone supports its own distinctive plants. In addition, some plants appear in several zones, moving from one to the other as the season progresses. For example, the same lily that blooms in a low, life zone in April may blossom in an alpine meadow far above in June. The amount of moisture and minerals in the soil will also determine which flowers will thrive and which will not.

The earliest really showy blooms in the Rockies are the balsamroots. Most visitors won't know their name but will recognize their description as a bushel-basket-sized clump of sturdy, yellow, daisylike flowers. Happily, whole hillsides are often covered with the plants. Acres at a time glow when low rays of the sun illuminate the petals.

Yellow is a popular color for wildflowers; besides the balsamroot, it brightens wild sunflowers, monkey flower, arnica, and butter-and-eggs. A pale blue carpet on the land may be bluebells, blue gentian, or blue flax. Late in summer the lavender spikes that border certain roads for miles are fireweed, named not for the color of flames but because these plants colonize areas disturbed by fire. Along the side of the road, fireweed appears after the soil has been disturbed by highway construction.

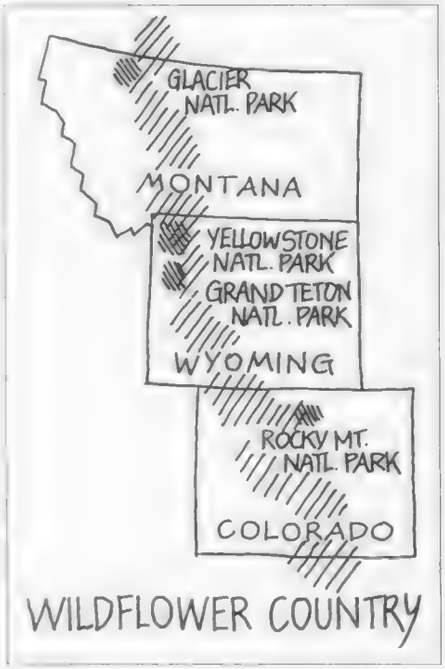
PERHAPS THE MOST ABUNDANT AND WIDESPREAD of the Rocky Mountain blossoms — and therefore among the easiest to see — are the numerous varieties of paintbrushes and lupines. Fortunately, these also have long blooming seasons. Within easy walking distance of our home in Jackson Hole, we've found crimson Wyoming paintbrushes (the state flower, by the way) flowering from early June through September. Some of them prefer dappled sunlight, such as that which shimmers through delicate aspen leaves, but it is also possible to find a midsummer mountainside that resembles a purple and red Turkish tapestry from a distance. On closer inspection it becomes a mixture of paintbrush and purple lupine.

Many travelers vote for orchids as the most exquisite plants to be found anywhere and often think of them as coming only



Blossoms carpet Rocky Mountains from spring to fall

These beautiful blossoms can be found not only in the Rocky Mountain areas but in other parts of the American and Canadian West. **(This page, clockwise, beginning upper left)** ***Skunk Cabbage, Trillium, Bull Thistle, and Fireweed.*** **(Opposite, clockwise, beginning at top)** ***Rhododendron, Cow Parsnips, and Bunchberry.***



(Above) ***A mountain meadow in the Tetons nourishes a field of wildflowers.***
(Below) ***A luxuriant Bitterroot blossom brings beauty to Glacier National Park.***

from the damp tropics. They may be wrong on both counts. For beauty, consider the western columbines, with their five distinctive spurs jutting from the main flower. Blue columbine is the state flower of Colorado, and interestingly, the blue becomes less pronounced as the plant grows farther west and north from Colorado, until it is nearly white at the edge of its

range.

For sheer beauty think, too, of magenta shootingstars and of purple monkshood, a stalk with perfect replicas of the headgear used by the religious in Chaucer's time. And don't forget the elephanthead where the tiny blooms, each a plum-colored imitation of an elephant head with trunk upraised, are massed on the main stalk — and magical fairyslippers and mountain lady's slippers, which are, surprisingly, members of the orchid family, growing well at an elevation of a mile or more. Some species such as the alpine forget-me-not are miniatures, while others, the green gentian for example, grow to six feet tall.

We have spent many hours photographing wildflowers around the world, and from all we've seen, long-plumed avens at the end of its season may be our favorite. Fortunately, it grows widely in North America (and there is a species in Africa). In the American West find it by climbing well above 8,000 feet on top of New Mexico or Colorado, but in Yellowstone National Park in August, whole fields of the feathery plumes ripple in the warm winds within sight of the loop road. Their fernlike leaves are among the first green shoots to appear as the snows recede.

American Indians brewed a tea from avens roots, but this is by no means the only plant of the West that is edible. The inner stem of the elk thistle tastes like celery, and the root of the gorgeous sego lily was as much a staple of the Indians and settlers a century ago as are bread and potatoes today. Especially interesting is the vivid purple larkspur. This gaudy flower is poisonous to cattle who ingest it, and there are authentic tales of its killing hundreds of head in a single area. Sheep are unaffected, however. Elk seem to avoid larkspur in early spring when the poisonous substances are strongest but feed heavily on them in late summer with no ill effects.

Although wildflowers can be seen from many vantage points, most enjoyment comes from hiking along well-marked trails in national parks. This way it is easier to find the less numerous species and to admire them beyond the sounds of traffic. At the edge of streams you will find entirely different species such as primrose and marsh marigolds. The lacy heads of cow parsnips tower to eye level. The perimeters of bogs are also good places to explore, and ponds may produce familiar friends such as the yellow pond lily.

Even in the more arid portions of the Rockies, a hiker can find blooms, especially during the spring following an unusually moist winter. Many cacti spring from anonymity to grandeur with the striking blossoms they produce. The strawberry opuntia is an excellent example. Look, too, for poppies and sand verbena; a desert can "bloom" with them.

One of our biggest surprises came at Idaho's strange Craters of the Moon National Monument when we discovered a lemon yellow blazingstar, its five petals and bristles of stamens standing stark against the ebony lava in which it grew. The plant blooms only at night; so, only early risers or night owls can see it.

While wildflowers can be found anywhere in the Rocky Mountains, the best places to look are in the four major parks: Yellowstone, Grand Teton, Glacier, and Rocky Mountain.

CONSIDER GLACIER FIRST. THE MAIN ARTERY through the park, Going-to-the-Sun Highway, takes a traveler through a living catalog of Rocky Mountain wild plants. The first blooms appear as soon as snowplows open the road (usually in May), and the show continues until the highway is closed again (usually in October) by snow. Many years ago a helpful park ranger suggested driving slowly from Apgar Village via Logan Pass to St. Mary's junction. He suggested that pausing often at the frequent turnouts and trailheads could be the best-possible basic course in wildflower identification. This advice is worth repeating here.

Incidentally, there is one magnificent plant, beargrass, growing along the highway that a visitor is not apt to see in such abundance anywhere else. A large conical cluster of whitish flowers on a tall stalk (and not a grass at all), beargrass makes a lush and unique foreground for pictures of the Montana Rockies. Bears, in fact, do not bite off the attractive flower head, as one might think, but do occasionally eat the earliest leaves in spring.

Whenever we visit Yellowstone Park, we try to drive by way of Canyon and Tower Junction via Dunraven Pass. If practical (and often even if not), we also travel the road from Tower to the northeast entrance near Cooke City and onward to Red Lodge, Montana. Both these routes wind through some of the finest wildflower country anywhere.

Visitors to Grand Teton Park should by all means resist the temptation to take the shorter, quicker route (U.S. 89) through the park. Instead, detour to the west of the Snake River, pass Signal Mountain (and drive to the top here), and also see String and Jenny lake areas. If the trip is made early or late enough in the day, you are likely to find mule deer, elk, and moose standing flank deep in meadows thick with wildflowers. Take time, too, for a side trip to Two Ocean Lake and Sawmill Ponds. Neither road is first class, but the flower shows are superb.

In Colorado's Rocky Mountain Park, try to catch a sunny day to drive the Trail Ridge Road. From the east entrance at Estes Park, the road climbs to an elevation of 12,183 feet, qualifying that point as the highest place a motorist can reach on pavement in any park. Along the way he will see a bewildering number of flowering plants. Near the summit there are many kinds of dwarf flowers that are common to the tundra areas of the world. Some are similar to plants of the remotest Arctic.

Wildflowers brighten every corner of the earth where man has allowed them to live, but the greatest flower show of all occurs in the United States. It opens each spring in the Rockies when the first sage buttercups push boldly up through the receding snow. The curtain doesn't fall until flurries powder the magnificent high country and the last bloom withers and is blown away.

Erwin *and* **Peggy Bauer** *are the authors of a new book,* Photographing the North American West. *Among other advice, it suggests the best ways to photograph wildflowers. Available from Travel-Adventure-Outdoors, Box 543, Teton Village, WY 83025. Softcover $14.95; hardback $24.95; each plus $2.00 p/h.*

WESTERN LOOKOUT

BUFFALO BILL
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Buffalo Bill Mementos Auctioned

Some legends never die. The mystique that surrounded Buffalo Bill Cody was brought back to life in San Francisco recently when hundreds of belongings associated with his life and times were auctioned off by Butterfield and Butterfield, auctioneers and appraisers. Total sales exceeded half a million dollars. The dearest item of them all was a rare, delicately engraved and inlaid .42 caliber percussion rifle that sold for $24,750. Cody probably used the rifle on the Western prairies and in his world-famous Wild West shows.

Most of the items at auction had been in the possession of Julia Cody Goodman, Buffalo Bill's sister, and passed through several hands following her death. At one point the entire collection was sold for $1. In 1987 Greg Martin, a California collector, located the pieces at Cody, Wyoming, where they had been in storage for about thirty years. The collection was extremely unusual because it was so complete. From rifles and pistols to personal papers, a silver-handled toothbrush, and clothes, it provided a complete testimony to Cody's life on the plains and in show business.

The auction enjoyed tremendous news coverage and interest from museum curators and individual collectors. Spirited bidding came from as far away as Europe. In addition to Buffalo Bill's possessions, the only known personal belongings of famed marksman "Doc" Carver, one-time partner of Cody's, were sold. Doc's clothing, weapons, photographs, and scrapbooks went to the Gene Autry Western Heritage Museum of Los Angeles.

Controversy at Yellowstone. The State of Montana, Yellowstone National Park officials, founders of the Church Universal and Triumphant, and local residents and environmentalists are at odds over Royal Teton Ranch. That is the home of the "new age" church led by Elizabeth Clare Prophet (or Guru Ma, who believes that she is the reincarnation of, among others, Marie Antoinette and the Mother Mary). Members want to build several small towns (with nearly 1,000 residents) along the Yellowstone River north of the park.

Environmentalists and National Park Service officials are up in arms because they claim the development will damage the fragile ecosystem of the area. Leaders of the Church, originally headquartered in southern California, are upset because they claim they have the right to do what they want with their land. They say that they intend to ranch on the 15,000 acres — a claim disputed by foes — purchased in 1981 from publisher Malcolm Forbes. (Forbes originally offered it to the National Park Service which turned him down. Rumor is that the Church Universal and Trimphant paid seven million dollars in cash for the acreage.)

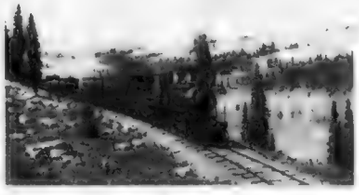
The State of Montana became involved in the tangle when Prophet and her followers applied for permits to construct water and sewer systems. The Montana Water Quality Bureau issued a mandatory Environmental Impact Statement, but critics responded that it was inadequate and did not address a number of issues, some of them environmental. Other critics, however, felt that a more important issue was the effect of dense populations on this sparsely populated land. That problem, they say, was ignored in the Environmental Impact Statement.

The fight goes on and there will be no simple solutions.

A tractor will be one of the featured guests at the 1988 Old Threshers Renuion at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, September 1 through 5. The late 1920s HK Huber was restored by collectors Dick and Dorothy Bockwoldt of Dixon, Iowa. Billed as the largest historical show of its type, the reunion is one of the biggest events in Iowa each year.

Tractor pulls using new and old tractors are popular contests with the onlookers, while hundreds of antique cars, industrial engines, and steam-powered vehicles will be on display. Visitors will also enjoy the arts and crafts and the gospel, country, and bluegrass concerts. The Midwest Old Threshers, which sponsors the affair, is dedicated to preserving America's agricultural history.

AMERICA On The Move by William S. Phillips



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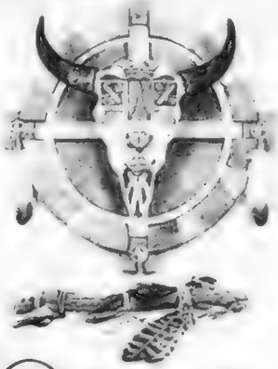

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WESTERNERS

Listening Aloud to Gary Snyder

by Tom Pew

Going far means returning. —Lao-Tzu

Twenty-four years might seem like a long gap in a conversation.

Our first meeting took place in a walkup, wooden duplex on the slopes of Telegraph Hill in North Beach, San Francisco, in 1964. The neighborhood then was the territory of poets, musicians, painters, and craftsmen of all kinds. All-night coffeehouses, and all-night bookstores were the occasional lodge houses for a generation of the "on-the-road" writers of the fifties and sixties.

Our second conversation came about this spring in a mountain cabin on the rise of San Juan Ridge in the Sierra Nevada. The neighborhood is the territory of brown-eyed deer and red-shafted flickers living in a clearing of bunch grass, surrounded by a mixed forest of manzanita, pine, and oak. The place has a meadow quiet — partially cultivated, mostly left alone.

To me the twenty-four-year hiatus in our conversation hadn't so much passed as it had continued in a one-sided fashion. For during this twenty-four-year interval, I'd gone on listening to poet Gary Snyder as each of his books appeared in the bookstores. And "listen" is the right word. Not because we talked on the phone or exchanged letters or met again, but because listening aloud is the only way to read Snyder's poetry, or essays.

Snyder's roots are American frontier. Members of his father's family were homesteaders in Kitsap County, Washington, and his mother's pioneer family came from Texas, Kansas, and Colorado. The writing reflects these origins and the linking of hard, physical work with these forebears.

The ghost of an ancestor pulls on the other end of a bucksaw in the wet Pacific coast of Snyder's mind. Snyder is settled in the Sierra Nevada today, but the explosive energy in the poetry comes from the restless pioneer disciplined enough to remain put, not the householder who never knew what it was to keep going West. In the pioneer tradition, as a young man, Snyder did in fact keep on going West . . . all the way to Japan. There, in a different culture, while undergoing formal training in Zen Buddhism, the poet looked back and saw his own country. When he returned to America and settled in the Sierra Nevada in 1970, he was figuratively, as well as physically, coming back to the farm and getting on with the work.

On San Juan Ridge in the Sierra Nevada, Snyder lives in a community of like-minded people who put a belief in self-reliance and sustainable economic skills above modern ideas of convenience and consumption. It's not the "simple life one imagines," Snyder says with a wry smile, "when you can't turn to the Yellow Pages for every need."

Today Snyder sings the songs of his community as he hears them, weaving the different verses together with brief connecting stories. The whole performance creates a history — his history, but also the listener's history where the words strike a harmonic vibration. He passes on ways of doing things. Confirms traditions. Upholds values. The origins of this lore are sometimes clouded (even to the poet).

Snyder mingles the experiences his own voice has found with the voices that preceded him. Voices of men and women. Voices of animals. Voices of places. The singer sings out of humor and sadness. Out of the condition of being . . . human. The singer is the singer today. The listener is the listener today. In an earlier time, Snyder's work would have been to keep the stories going. He would sing so the people — the nation — would know itself, recognize its lineage, its laws, its stewardship over its place and realize its boundaries. Most of all realize its boundaries.

Snyder recognizes that moving mountains, if you're in the mainstream of America today (or halting the moving of mountains, if you're marching against the mainstream), is imagined to be less important work than hoeing the garden, sweeping the kitchen, raising the children, supporting the community. Less important work isn't the point. Right work, well done, in one place is the point.

"What is the natural-spiritual price we pay for [a] particular piece of affluence, comfort, pleasure, or labor saving?" Snyder asks rhetorically. And answers: "Spiritual price means the time at home, time with your family, time when you can meditate, the difference between what comes to your body and mind by walking a mile as against driving (plus the cost of the gas). There's an account-

ing that no one has figured out how to do." Snyder's idea for effecting change is "to stay in one place. Say to yourself that you won't move anymore and see what happens. You might be surprised." Perhaps Snyder has been surprised. It's in his work.

To hear Snyder read his own poetry is like sitting down to a meal with him — he passes the words across the table, serves them out of the skillet and pot. Serves them onto your plate so you have the customs of the household as well as the food. Behind it you sense the art of cooking in this kitchen. Nearby there's the heat of the stove, the rasping together of fresh mountain herbs between two calloused palms. Deeper still, there's the meeting of the hunter and his quarry. The snap of the bow string. The crack of the rifle. Snyder leaves nothing out. Puts nothing excess in. Uses all. Eats all. Serves all.

"Paradoxically," Snyder has said, "there are some feelings, states, and perceptions that come into us that are so private that we can't speak them to anybody (almost), but we can make them public in a poem. Sometimes you have to say a very personal thing to somebody by going all the way around through a poem, rather than by just saying it face to face. That's one of the odd things that poetry does." His poems are the way he lives. His poetry has the rhythm of the physical work of clearing land, building a cabin, loving a wife, watching children grow, tramping the wilds of Alaska with a big .44 Magnum revolver strapped under his arm. "My friends and I make a joke about that," Snyder says. "In grizzly country we'd just have time to shoot ourselves before grizzly did his work on us."

Early on, Snyder recited his poems to family and friends at universities and in community centers. Unlike many other contemporary poets, Snyder had a distinctly workingman's attitude toward these readings. He found that "to put it bluntly, having something to say helped with audiences. It also should be apparent that one is not owed an audience by the culture, but one can indeed go out and try to build an audience. Building that audience is done in part by going on the road and using your voice and your body to put the poems out there and to speak to the people's condition, as the Quakers would say, to speak to the conditions of your own time and not to worry about posterity."

Like a homesteader's stone wall put together on the edge of a rock-strewn field, without benefit of chisel or mortar, Snyder's words fit together without contrivance. Stay in place by the weight of gravity. Every stone seems to have been picked up at random while the author plowed the field. Some rocks sang against the plowshare, shaking the plowman to the bone. But every stone found its exact place in the wall. The reader knows the poet has placed the stones there. He knows the poet built the wall — rearranged the random scattering from the field — but the wall appears to have been standing there for ages. It has a familiar look about it. Snyder writes:

The Taste
I don't know where it went
Or recall how it worked
What one did
What the steps were
Was it hands?
Or the words and the tune?
All that's left
Is a flavor
That stays

— from *Left Out in the Rain*

Snyder's poems have a flavor that stay.

BRIEF BIBLIOGRAPHY

Gary Snyder has published fourteen books of poetry and prose. His book *Turtle Island* won the Pulitzer prize for poetry in 1975.

Books of poetry: *Regarding Wave* (New York, 1970), *Turtle Island* (New York, 1974), *Left out in the Rain* (San Francisco, 1986).

Books of prose: *Earth House Hold* (New York, 1969), *The Old Ways* (San Francisco, 1977), *The Real Work* (New York, 1980).

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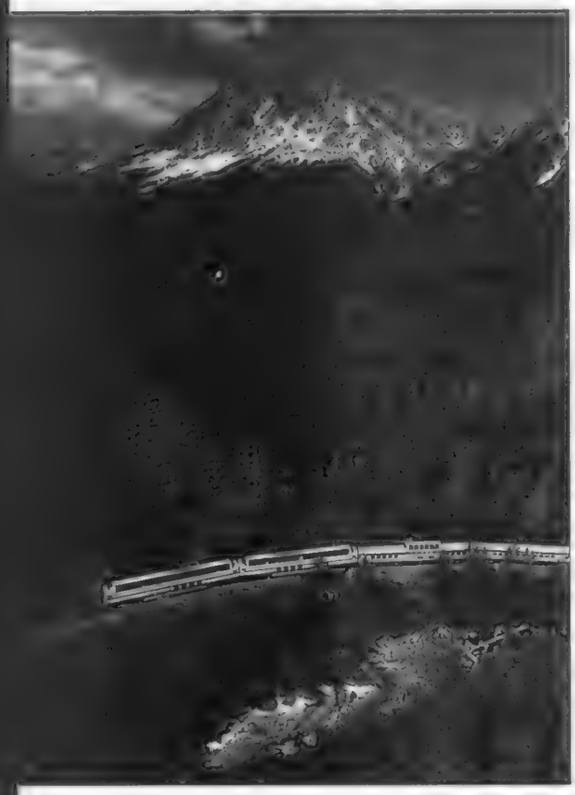

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Pullman built the domed cars originally, but they have been completely refurbished by Tour Alaska for the run. The eleven-hour trip is included in many of Tour Alaska's packages (most of them a combination of ocean cruising and inland sightseeing). A rail trip in the luxury cars can also be booked separately at $130 one way. It's a great way to see breathtaking scenery, including Mount McKinley and Denali National Park. Reservations are recommended. Call Tour Alaska at (800) 835-8907. Alaska Railroad Corporation can be reached at (800) 544-0552 or (907) 265-2494.

Alaska Railroad Corporation also offers a ten day, unlimited rail pass to the last American frontier for $209.

Tabor Grand Hotel. Once the finest hotel in Leadville, Colorado, the Tabor Grand is a building in trouble. Unoccupied since the late 1970s, it is deteriorating rapidly. Philip M. Bennett of the University of Wisconsin has a plan to save it and make it an attractive travel destination. He wants to restore the structure to its original opulence by selling ownership shares and converting the rooms into condominium units.

Built in the 1880s with financial backing from silver king Horace Tabor, the hotel included the finest accommodations and played host to Guggenheims and Rothchilds, and to President Benjamin Harrison. With the drop in the price of silver during the early 1890s, Horace Tabor lost his fortune, and the Tabor Grand declined. Over the ensuing decades the business went through a number of owners but did not close down until the 1970s. Now the historic hostelry is vacant, waiting to be refurbished.

Niihau. Forbidden to outsiders until recently, Niihau Island in the Hawaiian chain is now open to tourists on a limited basis. Niihau Helicopters, a subsidiary of the company that owns the island, will take you to the unspoiled paradise for a visit of several hours. Fares start at $185 per person. Tourists can't mingle with the residents, however, because the Hawaiians who live there do not want their lifestyle changed by outside influences. No modern conveniences clutter the sparsely populated isle. Ranching and charcoal making are the economic mainstays for the 250 islanders.

For flight schedules write Niihau Helicopters at P.O. Box 370, Makaweli, Kauai, Hawaii 96769, or call (808) 335-3500.

Wildlife on the Texas prairie. Legendary for cattle raising and ranching, Texas is less known for raising African wildlife, but Fossil Rim Ranch, a nonprofit organization, is dedicated to breeding cheetahs and caring for assorted endangered species. Visitors to the spread outside Glen Rose enjoy a leisurely nine-mile drive through 1,700 acres of rich grass and woodlands and steep cliffs — much like the African savannah — where 800 exotic animals roam freely (except the cheetahs).

One of the major goals of the ranch managers is breeding endangered species, and they have been praised by wildlife experts for their work. Animals like the cheetah, Grevy's zebra, and the Scimitar-horned oryx are the focus of the effort.

Fossil Rim Ranch is an hour's drive southwest of Fort Worth. Call (817) 897-2960.

Easygoing canoe river. For families and other casual canoeists seeking a peacful trip, the Crow Wing River in north-central Minnesota is the perfect stream. The river's few rapids are mild, and campsites are abundant along the 110 miles from Akely to Crow Wing State Park near Brainerd, where the river joins the Mississippi. Canoe outfitters along the waterway offer varied packages from simple boat rentals to full outfitting. Descriptions of the Crow Wing and other local canoeing rivers are included in "Explore Minnesota Canoeing, Hiking and Backpacking," available through the Minnesota Travel Information Center. Call (800) 652-9747 in Minnesota, or (800) 328-1461.

You can earn university credit and have fun at the same time in the wild canyonlands of southeastern Utah. Write to the Canyonlands Field Institute, an educational, nonprofit organization based in Moab, Utah. CFI offers a wide variety of programs on ecology, natural history, nature writing, anthropology, and archeology that can be taken for credit at Utah State University. They also offer programs that sound more like recreation than education — stargazing and a four-day hike in search of old cowboy camps in Dark Canyon, for instance. Students of all ages, from children to elderhostel seniors, can enjoy these classes, workshops, and backcountry trips. For prices and information write to Canyonlands Field Institute, P.O. Box 68, Moab, Utah 84532, or call (801) 259-7750.

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Hotel Alex Johnson: Homage to the Sioux

by Francis L. and Roberta B. Fugate

Our first step into the two-story lobby of the Alex Johnson informed us that the hotel was designed to pay homage to American Indian culture: Eight carved busts of Sioux chiefs support the beams that span the lobby. The beams and the ceiling are encrusted with bright designs taken from Sioux beadwork. A massive chandelier incorporates warriors' lances, torches, and tile mosaics of Indian designs. And sculptured heads of Indian chiefs, warriors, and medicine men decorate the walls.

Definitely, this establishment had to be added to our collection of historic hotels. It turned out that during the 1920s Alex C. Johnson, a vice-president of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, visited the Black Hills of South Dakota and became fascinated with the culture of the Sioux Nation. He was eventually accepted as a blood brother to Chief Iron Horse, thus gaining the right to wear a Sioux war bonnet in the portrait that hangs over the massive fieldstone mantel in the lobby of the Hotel Alex Johnson.

As he neared retirement, Johnson drummed up financial support for an eleven-story hotel squarely in the middle of Rapid City — the tallest building in town. Architect Edward Oldefest of Chicago gave the exterior a European look reminiscent of Elizabethan architecture. But Carlos De Lopez, a nationally known artist, provided the design that would make the lobby the gemstone of the hotel, truly "a shrine and tribute to the Sioux Indian Nation." Fortunately, the lobby survived later penchants for art-deco and plastic "modernization" that have plagued so many of the nation's fine old hotels.

On August 19, 1927, when the first shovelful of dirt was turned for Johnson's hotel, an event was taking place that would shape the future of Rapid City and the Alex Johnson: Gutzon Borglum was starting to carve the head of George Washington on nearby Mount Rushmore. Less than a year later, on July 1, 1928, the hotel registered its first guest. Alex Johnson retired from the C&NW in 1929 and lived at "the Alex" for most of the 1930s. He then moved to California where he died in 1938. However, he left his spirit — and some say his ghost — in Rapid City.

When Alfred Hitchcock stayed at the Alex Johnson during the summer of 1958 while filming *North by Northwest*, he had his meals served in his room. The director stoutly maintained to hotel staff, guests, and anyone else who would listen that he dined with the ghost of Alex Johnson. Other visitors have reported seeing the former owner — "a friendly ghost" — usually on the tenth floor.

Five Presidents have stayed at the Alex Johnson: Calvin Coolidge, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dwight Eisenhower, Gerald Ford, and Ronald Reagan. In 1936 the hotel was the temporary "summer White House" when FDR and his family came for the unveiling of Thomas Jefferson on Mount Rushmore.

Entertainment notables who have stayed at the Alex include Clark Gable, The Osmonds, Cary Grant, Gene Autry, Neil Sedaka, Joan Lunden, David Hartman, Robert Taylor, Anne Bancroft, Lloyd Nolan, and Stewart Granger. Undoubtedly the most bizarre announcement posted in the lobby came during the filming of *The Last Hunt* at nearby Custer State Park:

> Buffalo (all 800) – be on set at 8:00 A.M.
> Buzzards – meet trainer on set at 10:00 A.M.
> Coyotes – rehearse on French Creek at 1:00 P.M.
> Ants – discuss roles with Director
> Mules – stand by for later call, probably will work in P.M.

Like most old hotels, the Alex has had its ups and downs. After the death of Alex Johnson it passed through a series of owners. In 1977 it suffered the supreme embarrassment of being auctioned at a Pennington County sheriff's sale because of debts totaling $1,674,085. The creditor made the only bid.

In 1979 a multimillion-dollar renovation saved the Alex from becoming just another dilapidated downtown hotel with a past. Fortunately, the renovation concentrated on incorporating modern amenities without destroying the historic lobby. Originally the hotel had more than 200 rooms. The renovation combined rooms into suites, and the present facility features nearly 50 suites in a 120-room hotel. The Presidential Suite boasts two bedrooms, two bathrooms, a dining room, and lavish amenities. The Bridal Suite has a heart shaped jacuzzi.

Advertised as Rapid City's "suite" spot, the Alex Johnson is a favorite (and quite reasonable) stopover for families of up to six who come to visit nearby attractions such as Mount Rushmore, Custer State Park, Wind Cave, Devil's Tower, the Badlands, the Black Hills, and Jewel Cave. In addition to the usual offering of steaks and seafood, the Landmark Restaurant features South Dakota cuisine: buffalo steaks, walleye, and pheasant. The watering spots are Paddy O'Neill's, a friendly pub where members of the Happy Hour crowd have their own steins, and the Landmark Lounge.

In 1986, Tom Didier took over sole ownership of the Alex for reasons that any devotee of historic preservation will understand: "Partly, because I'm a history buff. But also, historic buildings are important because of tradition. There is nobody in town who can build a building and say President Coolidge slept there. It is important to preserve and respect that link with our past."

Nobody can say whether Rapid City's downtown saved the Alex Johnson or whether the Alex saved the downtown. In any case, its location in a cluster of shops and boutiques is fending off the encroachment of urban decay, and guests do not have to be warned against walking about in the area, as is the case with hotels in so many downtown areas. We particularly enjoyed a nearby antique shopping mall and the local bookshop, one of the best-stocked bookstores we have found in the West.

Economically, says Didier, historic hotels are like a beautiful woman: "You devote massive amounts of time and attention to them, and you put lots of financial resources into your love . . . and in the end, probably your greatest reward is that you were able to love them and experience them."

And after experiencing the lobby, you need no other reason for proceeding from the entrance to the registration desk. Our only regret was that we did not meet Alex Johnson "in the spirit" so that we could tell him about our appreciation for his tribute to the Sioux Nation.

Rapid City, South Dakota, is located on I-90 within easy driving distance of a multitude of tourist attractions and activities. You reach the Alex Johnson by taking Exit 57 and heading for the center of town, the corner of St. Joseph and Sixth streets. For information and reservations telephone (605) 342-1210.

Francis *and* **Roberta Fugate** *are enthusiastic travelers and reporters of the American West.*

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WESTERN ART NOTES

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"Objects of Great Pride" on Tour

Best known for totem poles, the art of the Northwest Coast Indians is actually more varied and distinctive. Over the years, Indian artisans (from the Tlingits in Alaska to the Kwakiutls in British Columbia) have created masks, ceremonial costumes, headdresses, boxes, dishes, spoons, ladles, rattles, daggers, and pipes. These artifacts form a traveling exhibit, "Objects of Great Pride: Northwest Coast Indian Art from the American Museum of Natural History," which is at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts until August 14.

Many of the pieces are fashioned from wood, but other materials were used, including ivory, animal hide, wool, and silver. Painted in bold contrasting colors, the wooden pieces, particularly the masks, portray the magical or supernatural, often as animal spirits — bears, wolves, eagles, beavers, and frogs. Used largely in ceremonies that no longer exist, the creations were meant to be admired by the audience. Today, they give the contemporary viewer a sense of the drama and dynamism of Northwest Coast Indian culture. One hundred of the exceptional pieces, crafted along the thin strip of seacoast from Yakutat Bay, Alaska, to Puget Sound, Washington, are on display.

Organized by the American Federation of Arts in New York City, the show represents the largest and most important collection of Northwest Coast Indian art in the world. Following Minneapolis, the exhibition moves to the North Carolina Museum of Art (November 20–January 15, 1989). It will return to the West in the autumn of 1989. Originally premiering in 1978, the show has been updated and brought back by popular demand.

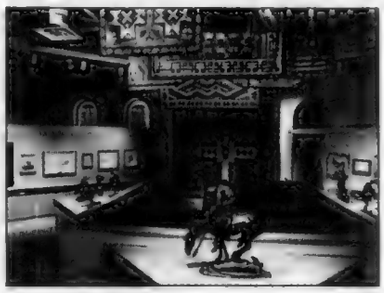
The Helga Pictures. Los Angeles County Museum of Art is host through July 10 for a traveling exhibit of Andrew Wyeth's noted paintings of his Pennsylvania neighbor Helga Testorf. Wyeth explores Helga's personality and different moods through various poses and features. Consisting of groups of about thirty different interrelated poses, the collection of eighty-five images shows Helga standing and walking, nude and clothed, against architectural elements such as doors and windows, and during different seasons and at different times of day. The paintings were executed between 1971 and 1985, but were not released by the artist until recently. Following the Los Angeles show, the display will hang at the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco from August 6 through October 23. The exhibit was organized by the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., and brought West by Wells Fargo Bank.

Visitors to the Yellowstone Art Center in Billings, Montana, will have the pleasure of seeing close up many of Kurt Marcus' photographs from the acclaimed book *Buckaroo: Images from the Sagebrush Basin* (1987). Eighty-five of Markus' color and black-and-white portraits, landscapes, and images of working cowboys will be on display from July 17 through August 31. Taken in Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, and California, the photos have a distinctive mood, portraying the cowboy lifestyle and the American West as they really are — hot or cold, wet or dusty, and beautiful but unforgiving. Designed to complement Markus' book, the exhibition will travel throughout the West following the Billings show.

A native of Montana and graduate of the U.S. Military Academy, Markus first began photographing cowboys when he worked as an editor and writer for *Western Horseman* magazine.

"Treasures from Tulsa: Western Art from the Philbrook Art Center and Gilcrease Museum" will open at the Rockwell Museum in Corning, New York, on July 1. The show features paintings by Thomas Moran, Alfred Jacob Miller, Albert Bierstadt, Bert Phillips, Joseph Sharp, Oscar Berninghaus, and Alexander Hogue. It will hang through October.

Included in the exhibit are several rare and unusual works by Miller and Moran as well as a number of the preliminary sketches by both men.



"Treasures from Tulsa: American Western Art from the Gilcrease Museum and the Philbrook Art Museum." July 1–September 11, 1988.

A Symposium: "Remington, Russell, and O'Keeffe." Saturday, October 8. Call 607/937-5386 for details.

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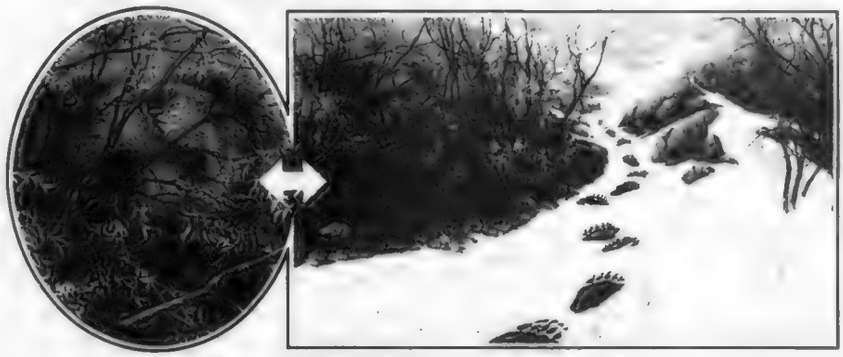

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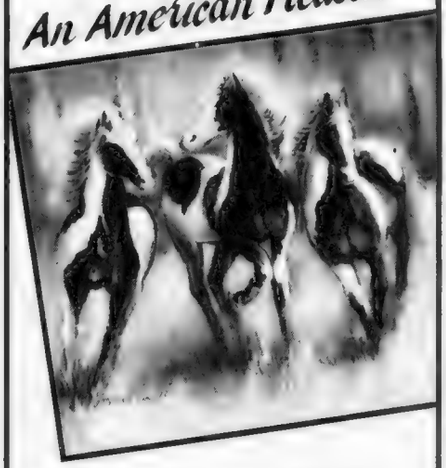

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FOOD & DRINK

Haute Cuisine at Lake of the Ozarks

Executive Chef Andre Torres has a flair for unique recipes. Recently, Torres and his team of chefs from Lodge of the Four Seasons in Lake Ozark, Missouri, were honored with a gold and several silver and bronze medals at an annual competition held by the St. Louis Culinary Arts Salon. They received the gold for the "Best of Show," a series of platters that featured unusual wild-game recipes, including wild boar with fruit stuffing and stuffed saddle of blue hare.

Torres is a cook who is much in demand, and as a result, he is well-traveled. Born in Algeria and trained in France, he brought many years' experience to the resort when he took the executive-chef position in 1979. Chef Andre had worked on ocean liners and for hotels in Kenya, Japan, Bangladesh, and the United States. He received his first promotion to executive chef at the age of twenty-seven.

Torres oversees the menus and cooking at all seven of the resort's restaurants. The Toledo Room, which has been awarded four stars by the food critics at Mobil, is the most popular. Elegantly decorated, the Toledo Room is a continental-style restaurant with culinary specialties like Pheasant Blue Ridge — a baked pheasant breast lightly coated with tart blueberry sauce — and tableside flambés. Fresh fish is flown in daily to tempt guests' palates further. French overtones grace many of the dishes.

Chef Andre has created many of his own recipes, including the one for tournedos featured on these pages. Bon Appetit.

Tournedos-Helder

(Serves four)
Eight 3 oz. fillets of beef
4 tomatoes
1 shallot, chopped
5 oz. butter
⅓ c. Madeira wine
1 c. veal stock
½ tsp. chives, chopped
1 pinch tarragon, chopped
40 potato balls
¼ c. vegetable oil
1 tsp. lemon juice
3 egg yolks
salt and pepper (black and white)

Tomato concassé: Peel, remove seeds, and chop the tomatoes. Add chopped shallots and cook over low heat in ⅛ c. vegetable oil until all the liquid has evaporated.

Béarnaise sauce: Whip the egg yolks in a double boiler, making sure the yolks do not curdle. When foamy and thick, remove the top pan from the double boiler, and add 3 oz. of clarified butter little by little, whipping each time. Add chopped tarragon, chives, 1 tsp. lemon juice, and salt and pepper.

Beef: Cook the tournedos in a lightly oiled skillet over moderate heat, browning them on both sides to your liking. Remove from skillet and keep warm.

Madeira wine sauce: Deglaze the skillet with Madeira wine, and add veal stock. Reduce by half, add salt, ground white pepper, and 2 oz. butter. Remove from stove when the butter melts.

Parisienne potatoes: Brown the potato balls in oil in a separate pan. Place the potatoes in a 350° oven for 6 to 8 minutes.

To serve: Place the tournedos (2 pieces per portion) on plates and surround with the Madeira wine sauce. Place 8 or 9 potato balls around the beef. Top the tournedos with béarnaise sauce and ½ tbsp. tomato concassé.

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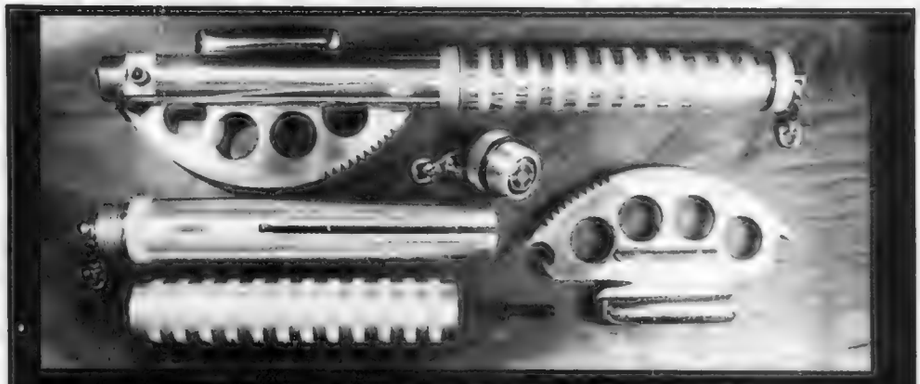

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AW

ON THE TRAIL OF

"WHAT AM I DOING HERE?" I THOUGHT, squinting in the bright sunlight, my backside tender after riding a palomino mare over 150 miles of Wyoming prairie. Along with fifteen other barely plausible champions of the saddle, I was following the old pioneer trails west, riding by day and camping under starry skies by night.

Over a century ago, thousands of determined pioneers struck out over the very trails we were traveling, enduring hardships imposed by weather, attacks by Indians and bandits, and sickness and starvation, while others succumbed to the rough travel. Aging gravestones along the way reflect countless struggles to realize a new life—just a few more miles beyond the horizon.

Riding along the route of the Pony Express and the Oregon and Mormon trails, I really did feel transposed to the Old West frontier. Sometimes, with the wind whispering by my head, I could almost hear the honky-tonk piano and clinking whiskey glasses in some bawdy old saloon. I reflected on all I'd seen . . .

For the better part of a day, riders from New York, Florida, Texas, California, and even Paris, France, drifted into Lander, Wyoming. Like the haggard and hardened guides of yesterday's West, our leaders rounded up the group and headed over to the ranch to choose horses and saddles. Ray Fochts, a gentleman with a quiet Western manner and straw cowboy hat, led us up the hill to "Ma's Boarding House." There his wife Pat, a jovial woman who introduced herself with a hearty

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ALL PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

handshake, met and welcomed us into her quaint country-style restaurant. Conversation came easily in the warm homey atmosphere of trophy antlers, soft couches, and handmade heirloom quilts. Pat made us feel that we were at mom's for dinner.

After a leisurely meal we drove to Fort Washakie on the Wind River Indian Reservation — Saturday night means "Pow-Wow," a festive social occasion. The Indians — old, young, and every age in between — donned their finest regalia. They adorned themselves with colorful headdresses, some with sacred eagle feathers, and intricately worked porcupine quill and beaded buckskin outfits. With the rhythmic sound of drumbeats and singers' chants, I felt witness to a gathering of the tribes from an era long forgotten.

In the center of the ring, an American flag waved over the dancers below. Overhead, a full moon shone brightly. I've always associated "American" with symbols like the Statue of Liberty and the White House, but here was something equally "American," maybe even more so. After watching stunning displays of native dance in the evening's chill, we turned in for a good night's rest, anticipating the coming days.

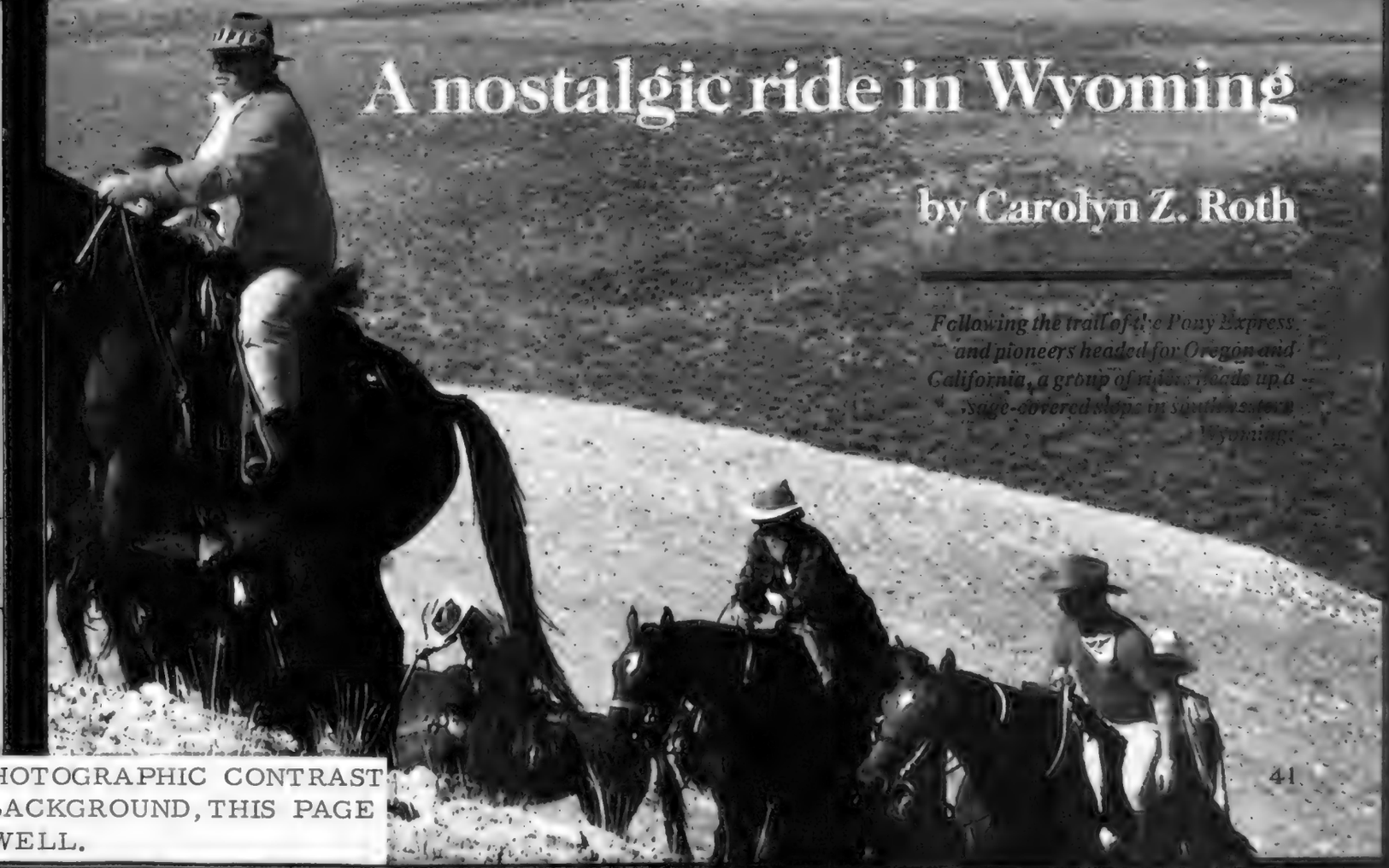
After breakfast the next morning, everyone loaded up the van, and we headed southeast on Highway 287 to visit several sites on the Oregon/Pony Express trail and to meet our guides. Minutes out of town, the landscape opened up into miles of wide, rolling, sagebrush plains and the biggest bluest skies I'd ever seen. At a nondescript swale along the way, we passed Ice Slough. Ray Fochts described how snow used to remain

THE PONY EXPRESS

A nostalgic ride in Wyoming

by Carolyn Z. Roth

Following the trail of the Pony Express and pioneers headed for Oregon and California, a group of riders heads up a sage-covered slope in southwestern Wyoming.



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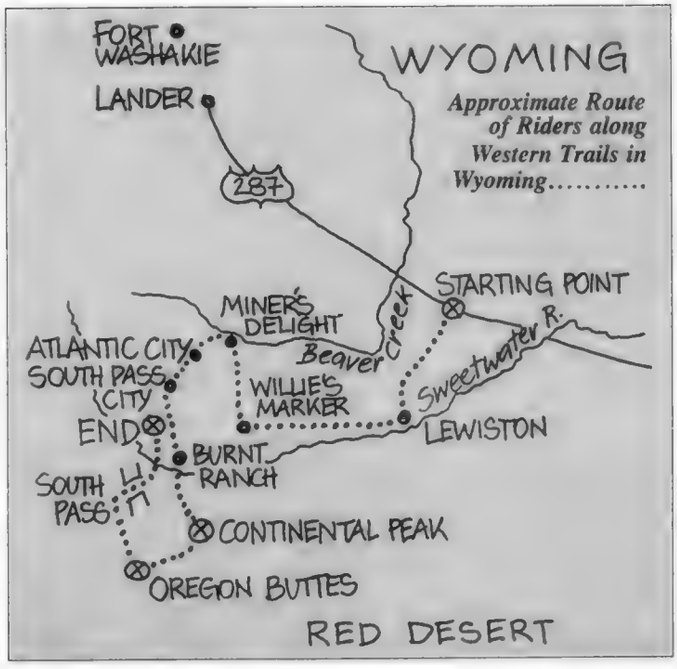
there well into early summer, protected under a thick layer of sod. Emigrants traveling the trail could get fresh, cold water, and some said if you had a cow that gave milk, you could even make ice cream.

Farther on, we came to the site of Split Rock Station. In the nearby Rattlesnake Range can be seen the well-known natural landmark Split Rock, used by Indians and emigrants alike to identify their location. At one time the Pony Express had a station here, a garrison of soldiers stood ready to protect emigrants from Indian attack, and a telegraph station linked this pinpoint in the wilderness with the rest of the country.

AT SWEETWATER STATION WE MET OUR WRANGLER guides, Skip Ashley (a Cherokee) and Quentin Hurtado (a Shoshone-Bannock), with the horses saddled and ready. We mounted and followed our guides into the sagebrush, all anxious to get moving. A warm breeze swept steadily across the slopes, pushing puffy, white clouds across an azure sky. There wasn't any question we were in Wyoming — big skies and wide-open spaces.

By late afternoon we arrived in camp at Silver Creek Reservoir, a stock pond holding some finicky but respectable trout. There to meet us was "Blue Heaven," a big old school bus painted sky blue and remodeled into a modern-day chuck wagon. Laren, our cook, already had coffee on, and Brian, the camp-jack, waited to help unsaddle horses. Fishing led to dinner and then singing round a blazing campfire until the wee hour of 10:00 P.M. Between altitude and warm weather, the day ended earlier than I'm accustomed to, my sleeping bag a welcome berth for a tired but happy body.

(Opposite, top) ***Along the Pony Express, Oregon, and Mormon trails, riders and horses rest in front of the old Mercantile building in Atlantic City, a busy mining town for a few years during the latter nineteenth century.***
(Lower left) ***Riders visit the decaying cabins of the Copper Queen, a one-time bordello at Radium Springs, a mile outside the old mining town of Lewiston.***
(Lower right) ***Under Wyoming's blue skies, riders cross the crest of the Continental Divide and look toward the West that lured immigrants with its gold and fertile valleys.***



Next morning, a terse wind rattling sagebrush woke me early. The sky was low and cloudy. Skip suggested we split into two smaller groups; some took a high trail, others the canyon.

Riding along a broad plateau, I could see for miles. A few cows grazed peacefully, but off to the north were a group of larger animals. Through binoculars, I could see the distinctive flowing manes and tails of a herd of wild horses. An especially large stallion, a palomino, stood off to the side of his harem. As we trotted past, the horses kept a wary eye on us. Small herds of pronghorn antelope did the same, watching briefly, standing so still they looked frozen, then suddenly running over the nearest rise.

Coming around a bend, we dropped into a boggy area. There along a cutbank I noticed what looked like an old road where narrow wagon wheels had worn ruts into the parched earth, clumps of grass sprouting in the furrows. Here was a protected, isolated stretch of the old Oregon Trail, with no one but antelope and wild horses to see it slowly wear away. The Oregon Trail — probably no other three words conjure up greater visions of Western history. Whether by horseback, prairie schooner, or foot, this was the primary route pioneers traveled from western Missouri to Oregon's Willamette River Valley, over 2,000 rugged miles.

Thousands of hardy pioneers traveled this "First Road West" during the great migration that began in 1841 and lasted for about a quarter of a century. Reports say that some wagons were still traveling the trail as late as 1912. Known best as the "Oregon Trail" because it led to the vast uncharted wilderness known as Oregon Territory, the trail was also called the California Road by gold seekers rushing toward the Mother Lode. The same route was also known as the Mormon Trail by thousands of faithful following Brigham Young to Great Salt Lake Valley. For a brief eighteen months in 1860–61, the Pony Express followed the route carrying mail between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Sacramento, California. Other travelers called it the Emigrant, Great South Platte River, or Overland Road, as well as South Pass Highway.

Less than a mile from the old ghost town of Lewiston, we rode up on two deserted log cabins next to a clear, bubbling spring. In the side of a nearby hill was a rock-lined cellar, and a cleared, level area that once hosted a lovingly tended garden. This, the "Copper Queen" at Radium Springs, was once a bordello, thoughtfully placed outside city limits of the fine, upstanding mining town of Lewiston.

Later that afternoon we rode into camp along Rock Creek. In the hot, dusty afternoon, the cascading chatter of the little stream was a welcome respite. We weren't the first travelers to pitch camp in this pretty river canyon. A group of Mormons reached Rock Creek in October 1856. That year, the snow was

deep, and their food supply ran out. They had walked behind wagons and pushed handcarts all the way from Nauvoo, Illinois, only to make this isolated canyon the unintended end of their journey. Seventeen settlers froze to death one night. A brass plaque stands in memoriam, simply called Willie's Handcart Monument.

THAT EVENING I GLANCED BACK TOWARD THE canyon rim above us. A full moon rose slowly out of the hushed landscape, so big it seemed to hang there agonizing, too heavy to rise any higher. Its pale light cast long shadows, turning everything the color of pearls. As it edged higher, it turned yellow, like a ripe melon.

I walked out past the horses. They rustled around, nickering softly as I moved by. Away from the campfire, I could see the prairie illuminated by moonlight. The only sounds were the quiet chirping of crickets. Looking straight up, I felt almost dizzy, intoxicated by the clear air. The great Milky Way glittered like a necklace of baguettes fabricated by some zealous jeweler. As I leaned against a rock, I could hear faint howls of coyotes echoing off distant hills.

The next morning dawned cool and misty. With reluctance I poked my head out of the warm tent. A thin, silky layer of gray fog hung over the creek, and looking around, I noticed a few lingering yawns over steaming cups of coffee, a steady ribbon of the delicious vapor curling eastward. By the time the sun cut through the mist, we'd refueled on bacon, eggs, and flapjacks and were ready. I adjusted the saddlebags, threw a leg over my horse, and gazed across the valley.

That day we began our venture into gold country — three frontier mining camps — Miner's Delight, Atlantic City, and South Pass City — all buffeted by booms and busts throughout the late 1800s, notorious towns with histories chipped out of solid rock and scattered in fine dust. We followed Rock Creek a ways, then turned towards some rocky ridges. Soon we were making our way through dense aspen groves, their leaves fluttering wildly with any breeze, like the millions in gold coins of every miner's dream.

A faint trail led down a hollow, to the remains of Miner's Delight, also known as Hamilton City. A letter by a miner in the columns of the *Sweetwater Mines* notes that the lode was located in September 1867 at Spring Gulch. Within three months, ten companies and thirty buildings were established in town.

Although now a ghost town, for half a century Miner's Delight promised riches for wandering miners and speculating investors. Some buildings are deteriorating, the sandy chinking crumbling away between hand-hewn, notched logs; others are being restored by the State of Wyoming, the Bureau of Land Management, and concerned volunteers.

Several hours later we rode into a mining town that time has long forgotten — Atlantic City. It can easily claim title as official "Boom/Bust" capital of Wyoming. Its weathered brown buildings like a scene in an old daguerreotype, the town was once a hub of mining activity. In 1870 it sported a three-block main street lined with prosperous businesses; by 1875, the first boom had ended and thousands of gold seekers moved out. Only about one hundred determined souls hung on, hoping for another big strike.

Walking our horses through town, we passed the assay building, schoolhouse, and the Red Cloud Saloon. We tied our horses at hitching posts in front of the old Mercantile and peered into the windows. I imagined suspendered store clerks selling supplies to cowboys with rumpled, dusty hats, unruly moustaches, and spurred boots. Along a side wall, there would be several cowboys leanin' on the bar, one eye on the big mirror, watching for strangers looking to fight. A pot-bellied stove in back kept the chill at bay, and old Pony Express maps on the walls told of faraway places.

I kicked the dust off my boots and got on my horse. As we rode out of Atlantic City into open country, I led Honey into a comfortable lope. With horses' manes and tails blowing, we rode briskly on toward camp. To the west, the sky took on a claret afterglow. Soon, mute shades of lavender and pink dissolved into the deep cobalt blue of night.

THE NEXT DAY WE TIED OUR HORSES ON A SHADY hill overlooking South Pass City. Bordered by frame buildings, many with false fronts, a well-worn boardwalk trimmed the edges of "Main Street," silently gravitating towards distant gray-brown hills.

Like so many other Western boom towns, South Pass City came into being when a nearby mine began producing gold in 1867. By late 1868 the population of South Pass had soared to over 2,000 — it was a wild and lawless town. By the end of a hard day, a fellow was ready to check into one of seven hotels and likely seek an evening's entertainment at one of the saloons or "sporting houses." Two local breweries and a wholesale liquor establishment kept everyone from getting parched and staying sober too long.

WHEN YOU GO

The Pony Express Ride is offered by Equitour, a travel company specializing in horseback vacations throughout the world. Write to them at Bitterroot Ranch, Rt. 66, Box 1042, Dubois, Wyoming 82513. Or telephone 1-800-545-0019. In Wyoming, (307) 455-2778.

The cost is $750 with a horse provided, or $650 if you bring your own. The fee includes 6 days of riding and 7 nights' accommodations (Saturday to Saturday). Also included are all food, camping equipment, motels at beginning and end of stay, and round-trip transport from and to the Riverton, Wyoming, airport.

Led by Indian guides, the trip involves camping out with minimal facilities. You should bring all personal gear and a sleeping bag. Camp is set up each night by truck so that the pace of the riders is not restrained by pack animals. This ride is usually split into two groups so that the more experienced riders can go faster and take a longer route to the next camp. The average is about six hours of riding per day.

The Pony Express Ride is scheduled to begin on the following dates in 1988: June 4, 11, 18, 25; August 27; September 3 and 10.

Both Wells Fargo Stage and the Pony Express operated out of the South Pass City. The legendary Buffalo Bill was the best-known rider working out of this stop, and Calamity Jane lived here for a period. John Browning, inventor of the Browning automatic rifle, had his first gun shop here.

In spite of its unrefined ways, South Pass was the birthplace of woman suffrage. Here Esther Morris convinced legislator Col. William Bright to introduce a bill giving women the right to vote in Wyoming Territory. She was appointed as South Pass justice of the peace in 1870, the nation's first female judge.

Out of town we followed a narrow ravine up to a mountain top. The air was still and hot against my cheek. In places the earth was so parched the horses kicked up dust as fine and dry as talcum powder. I broke Honey into a smooth lope and just enjoyed the scenery for the next few miles.

We rode to the edge of a pasture on the Sweetwater River, to the crumbling remains of Burnt Ranch. First built as a trading post back in 1852 by a Frenchman, Auguste Archambeau, over the years it was known variously as South Pass Station, Upper Crossings, and Upper Sweetwater Station. When it served the Pony Express along the mail route in 1860 and 1861, riders stopped only long enough to change horses.

From 1861 to 1865 the site was a telegraph station, providing communication between South Pass City and the eastern U.S. Since cavalry soldiers were garrisoned along the Oregon

(Top) ***A modern-day rider along the Oregon Trail inspects a stone marker at South Pass, indicating that the old trail went through there.*** **(Bottom)** ***An old box of rifle shells sits in the South Pass City general store, which has been refurbished and sells souvenir books.***

Trail to protect westbound settlers and to keep the telegraph in good repair, the station was enlarged to accommodate eighteen men. Shortly after the post was closed in 1868, it was burned to the ground by Indians, not the first time that had happened, nor the last.

Leaving Burnt Ranch, we turned southward and followed clearly visible wagon-train-wheel ruts, pressing onward across the plains. Golden eagles slowly eased up in circling air currents, soaring effortlessly in and out of sight. Ahead, over a gently rolling plain, the great rocky bulk of Continental Peak, the highest point on our journey, jutted out of the blur of heat waves rising from the ground. Slowly, our horses made their way up the first of many ridges toward the mountain. To the south lay the Red Desert, a vast expanse of waterless wilderness.

It's hard to say you could see any further than we had for the preceding several days, but the 360° view from the top of Continental Peak was magnificent. Gazing down on the arid region, I wondered how the pioneers must have felt, not knowing how much further this land of harsh but subtle beauty went on. Despite hardships, did they, too, see the ridges of ancient rock layers as a pastel painting — the chalk-gray, green, orange, red, and pink hues laid over a buff-beige landscape.

Crossing the Sweetwater River, two riders approach Burnt Ranch, which was first a trading post in midnineteenth century, later a stop for the Pony Express, and finally a telegraph station. Buildings on the ranch were burnt to the ground on two occasions by local Indians, giving the place its name.

OUR LAST CAMPSITE WAS NEAR THE MASSIVE hulk of Oregon Buttes. For us it meant the end of a long day, but to the early pioneers, it meant they had reached the halfway mark of their journey. Soon they'd enter Oregon Territory. Skip mentioned that our campsite would be in a place that was once an ancient seabed. Before dinner, I snooped around the rocky outcrops, and sure enough, in a chalky soil deposit, I found fossilized bones and shells, their intricate whorls perfectly preserved in the dry layers. It's amazing to realize that this wide open, dry country was once a great sea, surrounded by dense forests. But not only shells revealed this past; we found beautifully striped petrified wood, as well.

A brisk wind blew over the range as we started our last day's ride. We covered the varied terrain easily, now quite comfortable in our well-worn saddles after six days. Just before noon we rode over a hilltop where someone spotted a herd of elk cautiously moving amongst a few scraggly pines. Far below was South Pass, a twenty-mile-wide breech in the barrier mountains of the Continental Divide that funneled settlers on towards western America. It was named "South Pass" to distinguish it from the more northerly crossing used by the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

The pioneers expected the pass to be a narrow, precipitous canyon through overhanging mountains with wild streams dashing down their steep sides. On the contrary, one must look carefully to notice the barely perceptible incline, as South Pass is a wide sagebrush-covered plain between two low hills. To the emigrants, passing this point meant they were "over the top" and on their way to Oregon.

After traversing South Pass from west to east, we could see the stock truck a mile or so away, parked alongside the road. We urged our horses into one last lope; their steady gait felt comfortable and good. Wranglers loaded the horses and drove off while we got into the van to drive back to the ranch. Everyone was unusually quiet, staring out of the windows at the hills, the drone of the engine a foreign, incongruous sound.

I became lost in thoughts of the frontier; riding horseback, I had become part of the tenacious spirit of the Old West. I tasted the dust, heard lonesome wails of a coyote, saw the bluest skies, and thrilled at crossing the Great Divide and looking on towards Oregon.

We now know a little about what pioneers saw during their westward pilgrimage. Collectively, we experienced a surviving part of America's heritage through our own senses. Unbelievably, most of the area we rode across is public land and still belongs to us, the American people. Our adventure yielded indelible memories, as enduring in thought as the sight of a fiery sunset over Wyoming's vast plains.

What am I doing here? I'm living the same dream that inspired America's pioneers to gather up their belongings and ride West.

Carolyn Z. Roth *is a free-lance writer and photographer who lives in the Colorado Rockies.*

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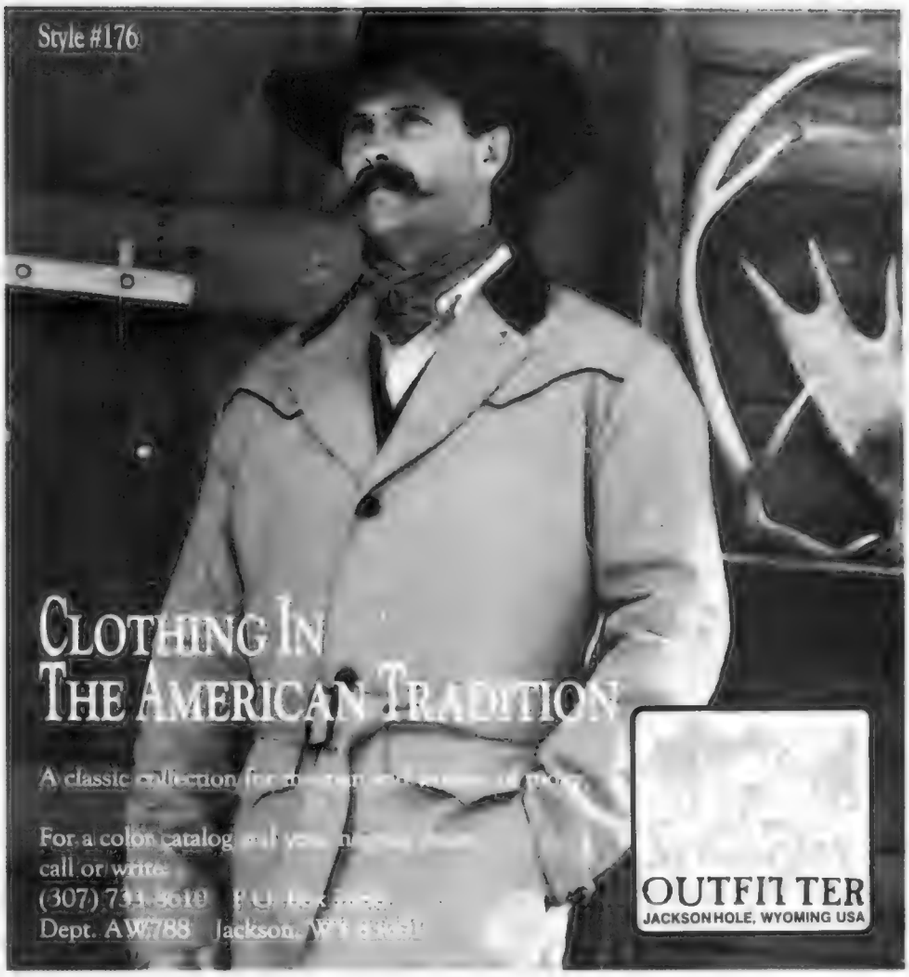

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(Above) *Amid surrealist spires of the ancient Black Hills in South Dakota, Mount Harney pushes its peak to 7,242 feet above sea level, highest point between the Rockies and the Atlantic.* (Left) *In Custer State Park, visitors admire part of the buffalo herd, which is the largest publicly owned collection of bison in the country.* (Right) *A worker helps preserve a find at the Mammoth Site in Hot Springs. At least thirty-four separate mammoths have been identified here, the largest concentration of mammoth skeletons in North America.*

RAPID CITY—GATEWAY TO SOUTH DAKOTA ADVENTURES

PHOTO BY BILL GOEHRING

Celebrating gold rushes, dinosaurs, and walleye fishing

by Francis L. & Roberta B. Fugate

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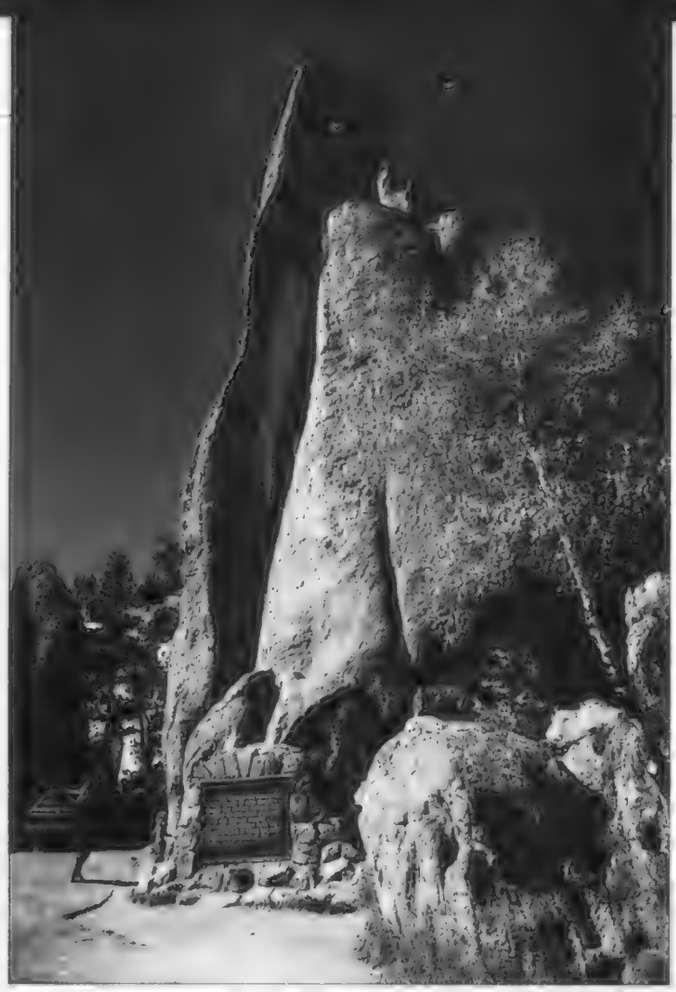


PHOTO BY PAUL HORSTED

PHOTO BY MARK KAYSER

OUR FIRST REACTION ON ENTERING RAPID CITY, South Dakota, was a question: "What in the world is that?" A dinosaur loomed on a hill overlooking the city — thirty feet high and eighty feet long, we would learn. However, before we had time to visit the dinosaur and his prehistoric companions, we found we had made a serious error in planning our trip to Rapid City. We had allotted only two days; two weeks later, we drove away hopelessly behind schedule and promising ourselves a return trip to see everything we had missed.

Our log tallied four national parks, two state parks, twenty-eight museums and galleries, more than half a dozen historic gold-rush towns, three caves, an Air Force base, the Stratosphere Bowl, and Mammoth Site (*Got here too late — come back*, our note said). Exploring the Mammoth Site, along with poking about old ghost towns, visiting the dinosaur, and fishing had to wait a year until our next trip.

Rapid City is the second largest city in South Dakota, a shade over 50,000 population at last estimate. Geographically, it is the largest in the state, sprawling across the plain where it began, crawling up the foothills, and creeping into the canyons of the Black Hills.

"Black Hills" is a misnomer, resulting from a direct translation of *Paha Sapa*, the Sioux term for the area. The massive granite pinnacles and knobs are definitely mountains. At 7,242 feet above sea level, Mount Harney is the highest peak east of the Rockies. The Black Hills were old long before the Rocky Mountains were born. Some forty million years ago this geologic upheaval trapped gold within the mica-flecked shimmering panorama of spires, needles, domes, and castles. The writhing earth ground some of the gold out and rains washed it down into stream beds, shaping a course of history that would not begin until the nineteenth century.

As white adventurers explored westward, rumors of gold spread. The Sioux, to whom the land belonged by treaty, knew what would happen if the interlopers found gold in their hunting ground. In 1857 the leaders of the Sioux Nation decreed that any Indian who showed gold from the Paha Sapa to a white man should die, along with the white man if possible. Nevertheless, during the 1860s Indians traded gold for goods at Fort Laramie and the Red Cloud Agency. Because of widespread rumors about gold finds, soldiers began deserting the Army to prospect in the Black Hills.

In July 1874 Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer was dispatched to reconnoiter; the official excuse was to locate a site for a military post, but two experienced miners accompanied the party. The expedition camped just south of present-day

(Top) ***At the top of a peak along Needles Highway in the spectacular Black Hills, visitors come upon Needle's Eye. In a granite spire, the "eye" is only three to four feet wide but is fifty to sixty feet high.*** **(Bottom)** ***More than a century ago, the raucous town of Deadwood teemed with gold miners, card sharks, and fancy ladies. Today's visitors come to recapture some of that excitement on Deadwood's main street.***

Custer, South Dakota. On August 2, Horatio N. Ross and William T. McKay washed gold out of what became known as Custer's Gulch. On August 3, Custer dispatched a scout to report on results of the expedition: There was "gold at the roots of the grass." On August 11, a New York *Daily Tribune* headline proclaimed: "New Gold Country."

The nation was primed for just such an announcement. The economy was suffering under the depression of 1873. Railroads that had forged westward were laying off construction crews. For the preceding four years grasshoppers had ravaged the land occupied by homesteaders in the Middle West. Idle Civil War veterans were looking for new adventures and riches.

The U.S. Army strove to turn back prospecting parties, and the Sioux did their part to protect their lands by raiding and scalping. On July 29, 1875, Gen. George Crook issued a proclamation: "Whereas the President of the United States has directed that No Miners or other unauthorized Citizens shall be allowed to remain in the Indian Reservation of the Black Hills. . . ." All of this did little good.

MOST PROSPECTORS DISCOVERED THAT MINING was not an easy way to wealth. In *Them Was the Days*, Mont Hawthorne told about the miners: "The ones Father and me talked to was just trying to get enough dust ahead to pay their way home, or they were working to make enough to get drunk and forget their troubles until they had to start working the diggings again."

In November 1875 John R. Brennan, an ex-hotel-clerk from the American House in Denver, was digging in Palmer Gulch near Hill City. One day he tossed his shovel aside and said he would never touch another mining tool. On February 25, 1876, he camped on Rapid Creek on the site of present-day Rapid City with five other disenchanted miners. Why not start a town? The land about them had much to recommend it: it was on a plain leading up to the Black Hills with plenty of room for expansion, just like Denver.

Sam Scott had a pocket compass. Someone else had a measuring tape. They laid out a square mile of streets and lots. The use of Sam's magnetic compass is evident in the old part of Rapid City where streets do not run true north and south. The founders divvied up six blocks in the center of the hypothetical town with each receiving five lots.

Then John Brennan headed for Yankton to register the plat of his new city at the U.S. Land Office. The plat was accepted without notice of the technicality that the town was on Indian land. Next, Brennan set about drumming up settlers and getting a wagon road laid out through the Badlands into Rapid City. He dubbed his town the "Gate City" and talked a party of a hundred prospectors into coming.

Indian raids became frequent, and by May the population was reduced by death and desertion to nineteen. The survivors built a two-story blockhouse on the corner of Fifth and Rapid streets and dug in. By the end of the year there were three hundred people, not counting miners who were scattered up and down Rapid Creek. Two general stores served the residents, and John Brennan used his experience to profit from transients.

He built a hotel. When guests came to the dining room, he took orders and shouted them over his shoulder toward a mythical chef in the kitchen. Then he went to the kitchen, or to a store if he needed ingredients, cooked the meals, and served them in the dining room.

The great Indian uprising of 1873–76 lured Custer to his destiny at the Little Big Horn. Despite their victory, the Indians could read sign. On February 28, 1877, President Ulysses S. Grant signed the measure that wrested the Black Hills from the Sioux and settled them on reservations to exist on government aid.

Rapid City began to prosper. The bull trains that pulled the wagons that hauled ore and mining equipment required a lot of hay, and many of the residents of early-day Rapid City made a living by cutting hay on the fertile plain. Rapid City became known as the "Hay Camp." By January 5, 1878, the burgeoning town had a newspaper, the *Black Hills Journal*, and there were a thousand miners along Rapid Creek.

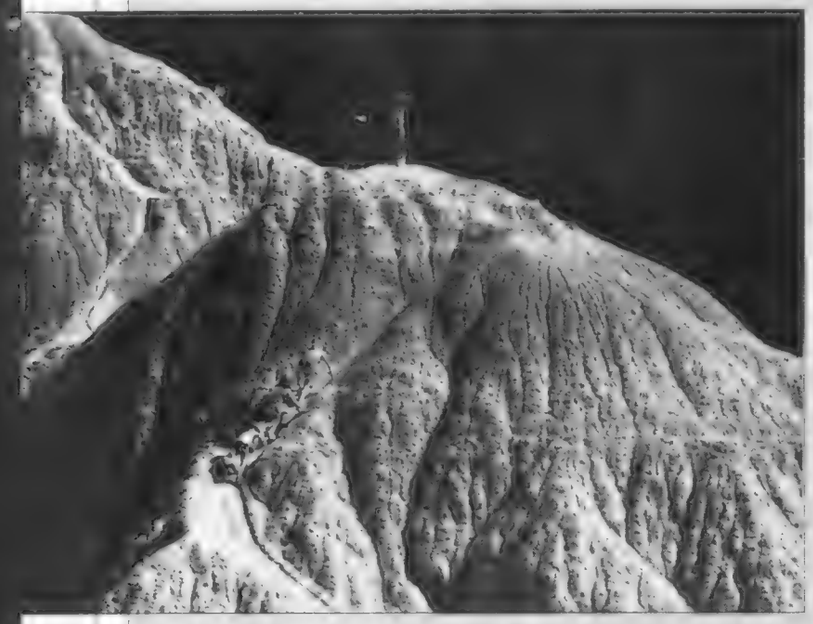
As placer gold played out in the stream beds, hardrock mining took over, and the fortune seekers moved on to look for easier ways to get rich. With stage routes and then railroads — two by 1907 — Rapid City was on its way to fulfilling its founders' dream of becoming a wholesale point for farmers and ranchers. By 1920 with a population of 5,777, it surpassed Lead, where the Homestake Mine provided a bonanza that is still producing.

After the turn of the century, Rapid City's streets (wide enough for wagons to turn easily) were used more frequently by cowboys on a spree than by visitors who came to spend money. One enterprising hotel proprietor installed sheet-iron plates under the beds in rooms over the bar to protect guests from stray bullets.

IN 1924 STATE HISTORIAN DOANE ROBINSON SET IN motion an idea that would shape Rapid City's future as "Gateway to the Black Hills." He wrote to sculptor Gutzon Borglum, who was carving a Confederate Memorial on Stone Mountain near Atlanta, Georgia. Perhaps Borglum would consider carving Western figures on the granite spires of the Black Hills. This was the inspiration for Mount Rushmore National Memorial, gemstone of the Black Hills.

The planning, funding, and carving were slow, but in the meantime, Rapid City received a shot in the arm. President Calvin Coolidge consented to vacation in the Black Hills. For three months he occupied the State Game Lodge, a snug hotel in Custer State Park. A temporary capital of the United States was established in the Rapid City High School, and the thirty-two mile road to the game lodge was paved. For three months Mrs. Coolidge spent her afternoons on the veranda of the lodge doing embroidery work, and "Silent Cal" fished in Squaw Creek. He was photographed holding fishing poles, wearing cowboy hats and Sioux warbonnets, and dedicating the mountain on which Gutzon Borglum was to carve the heads of four Presidents.

The carving of the Presidents on the face of Mount



On an unearthly landscape in Badlands National Park, youngsters "touch the earth" as they climb and explore. The Park offers extensive summertime interpretive programs, hiking trails, campgrounds, and picnic areas.

WHEN YOU GO

TOURING: *A walking tour is the best way to see Rapid City's historic downtown district. The Chamber of Commerce will supply a guidebook. The points of interest are numerous; the architectural buff will want to take a camera.*

The self-guided automobile tour, "City Circle Tour," is well marked. It starts at the Civic Center, where you can get free literature at the Visitor Information Center. The tour covers the Pioneer Museum, Sioux Indian Museum, Storybook Island, State Fish Hatchery, Stavkirke Chapel, Dinosaur Park, Dahl Fine Arts Center, and the School of Mines and Technology Museum of Geology.

When you are ready to make your night visit to Mount Rushmore National Monument, the tour bus is a bargain. It eliminates the parking hassle and a lot of walking.

EATING: *Custer State Park maintains the largest herd of buffalo in the country. Since the size of the herd must be controlled, local restaurants can offer buffalo meat, and every visitor should sample it. Tasting much like beef, buffalo is lean and low-cal. The meat is dark red with fine grain and texture, but the fat is a rich yellow. It is served in the form of buffalo steaks, buffalo roast, buffalo burgers, buffalo stew, and buffalo "stroganoff." Many local supermarkets carry buffalo salami, buffalo sausage, and buffalo jerky.*

In South Dakota, pheasants outnumber people by some 6 to 1. The Chinese Ringneck Pheasant is a regional specialty. The meat is dark and dry, usually served with gravy or sauce. The "wild" taste comes through. Steamed wild rice is the usual compliment.

Walleye pike is the official state fish, a particularly "unfishy" fish. It's said that God invented walleye pike for people who don't like fish.

The Landmark Restaurant in the Alex Johnson Hotel is an excellent place to celebrate an occasion. Paddy O'Neill's pub in the hotel is a good after-dinner stop if you enjoy a sing-a-long piano bar. And if you say "I'm a visitor to Rapid City!" you will receive a free drink.

SHOPPING: ***Jewelry.*** *"Black Hills Gold" is jewelry in a grape design — leaves, vines, and grapes — with a distinctive frosty finish in three shades of gold: pink, green, and yellow. The pink is an alloy of gold, silver, and copper. Green results from mixing gold with silver and zinc.*

The pattern is said to have come from a jeweler who fell asleep in the Black Hills during the 1870s, believing he was dying of thirst and starvation. He dreamed of grape vines growing on a mountain stream. Upon awakening he found the grapes and the stream and dedicated his life to making jewelry from Black Hills gold.

Each of several manufacturers has copyrighted designs in the grape motif, and the highly competitive market makes prices in the Black Hills area more reasonable than elsewhere. Prices vary according to the quantity and purity of the gold, which runs from 8K to 14K. Most jewelry stores emblazon their windows with signs advertising discounts on Black Hills Gold. It is a good idea to shop around. Landstrom's, 405 Canal Street, is a manufacturer and can be depended upon to have an excellent stock.

Gems and Minerals. *Rock and mineral shops abound, and most advertise "native" gems and minerals. Rose quartz, smoky quartz, golden beryl, aquamarine, tourmaline, garnets, and banded agate are native to the area. If someone displays a "Black Hills diamond," it is quartz. A "native ruby" is a garnet.*

Among gems sometimes claimed for the area are goldstone, jade, turquoise, dendritic agate, and "black diamond" hematite. None of these is native to the Black Hills. While flashy in appearance, "goldstone" is neither gold nor stone. It is manufactured by embedding filings of brass or copper in glass.

The best of South Dakota's gemstones are not cheap, but many visitors profit by buying rough pieces of local gem material to make jewelry for themselves. Decorative stones and ornamental rocks are inexpensive.

Antiques. *All antique buffs and individuals who want to take a nostalgic trip into the past should visit the St. Joe Antiques Mall at 615 St. Joseph Street in downtown Rapid City. Forty dealers are clustered on two levels. One can spend the better part of an afternoon.*

Books. *For books on the Black Hills area, visit the Prince and Pauper Bookshop, 612 St. Joseph Street. This store maintains a comprehensive stock of local and Western works as well as books for the general trade. The selection of children's books is excellent.*

Rushmore was not completed during Borglum's lifetime. In fact, it has not yet been finished as the sculptor envisioned it, but in 1941 Lincoln Borglum, the sculptor's son, turned the memorial over to the National Park Service with the faces so nearly complete he felt no more details were necessary. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Abraham Lincoln were left to stare out across the Black Hills into eternity.

Gutzon Borglum made certain they would last a long time. He left Washington's nose one foot longer than the correct scale dictated because geologists told him this would add 100,000 years to the life of the monument.

We had seen pictures of the memorial on stamps and license plates, on coffee cups and dishes, on posters and window decals, in newsreels and in books — but we can testify that there is no substitute for the real thing. As you round a curve and come out of a tunnel to get your first view in the utter silence of a clear day, the effect is comparable to the appearance of massed flags carried by limping soldiers during a victory parade with the Marine band playing *The Star-Spangled Banner* in the background. We joined others who were delaying traffic, thankful the highway department had provided a pull-off we could use until our vision cleared up.

Local tour guides like to tell of the apocryphal myopic lady who said, "I recognize George and Martha, but who is that other couple?" We have never met her counterpart. We have never found a visitor, no matter how blasé, who did not admit to being deeply moved by the haunting stares of the gigantic heads, carved to the proportion of men 465 feet tall.

With the opening of the Mount Rushmore National Memorial and the construction of a network of paved roads connecting the historic gold-rush towns from Deadwood on the north to Custer on the south, Rapid City's future as Gateway to the Black Hills was assured. During World War II, Ellsworth Air Force Base was constructed, adding financial strength to the local economy and guaranteeing a rotating population that would go forth to spread the word about the Black Hills.

Rapid City has enough worthwhile attractions to keep a visitor well occupied for a week. The Sioux Museum and the Pioneer Museum are in the same building just off the business district on West Boulevard. The former provides a comprehensive overview of North American Indian art, bead and quillwork, and colorful displays of objects used in ceremonial rites as well as the everyday life of the Sioux Indians. The Pioneer Museum displays memorabilia of the region's historical heritage and an extensive collection of birds and mammals from a twenty-five-mile radius.

THE SOUTH DAKOTA SCHOOL OF MINES AND Technology's Museum of Geology is a must. It displays fossils from the Badlands and minerals from the Black Hills. Fossils include skeletons of giant reptiles and fish from the ancient Cretaceous seas of South Dakota, as well as a systematic collection of minerals from all over the world.

In 1969 the substantial Norwegian population of Rapid City was instrumental in the construction of the "Stavkirke Chapel," a replica of an 830-year-old church in Borgund, Norway. We found the unique architecture fascinating: intricate wood carvings, strange dragon heads — all ingeniously pegged together and set in a wooded park. We were greeted by a hostess in Norwegian costume who told us about the chapel.

For the children, there is Storybook Island, a fairyland park with nursery rhyme displays. Live animals, castles, trains, and rainbows provided a fantasy of design, color, animation, and music. It is a playground for children and a puzzle for adults who try to figure out how it all works.

Mammoth Site is a fairly recent discovery fifty-six miles south of Rapid City on U.S. 385 at Hot Springs. In 1974 workmen were clearing for a new housing development when they began to unearth strange bones. Those bones turned out to be 26,000-year-old teeth, tusks, skulls, and post-cranial skeletal remains of a mammoth. The Geological Society of America, Earthwatch, and the National Geographic Society came; so did NBC and CBS.

The housing development was cancelled, and paleontologists took over from the bulldozer operators. In 1986 the work was highlighted by finding the tibia of Arctodus simus, also known as the giant short-faced bear of the Ice Age. Other discoveries included camelops, a long-extinct camel. A 20,000-square-foot visitors' center displays the largest accumulation of mammoth bones in the free world.

On our recent trip, we finally got around to the dinosaur that had been staring down upon us since our arrival in Rapid City. Dinosaur Park, high above the city on Skyline Drive, is a vestigial remain of the Great Depression. In 1936 a federal grant of Works Progress Administration funds was available to help solve the local unemployment problem, if someone could just figure out how to spend the money. A local authority on paleontology, proposed a park portraying creatures that foraged in primeval Western forests during the Mesozoic period "to remind present and future generations of the earth's first known inhabitants," dinosaurs and the like.

Why not? Rapid City *did* have a vague relationship with dinosaurs since their remains had been found in the Badlands some sixty miles away. The WPA bought the idea.

The tallest of the figures, a brontosaurus, is the world's largest dinosaur re-creation, a steel and concrete creature weighing 185,000 pounds. The brontosaurus is joined on the hilltop by six companions: Triceratops, Tyrannosaurus, Stegosaurus, Trachodon, Dimetrodon, and Protoceratops — constructed of two-inch pipe with three inches of concrete skin over wire mesh and painted to resemble the way scientists think they might have looked in their reptilian splendor.

Contrary to the usual fate of old WPA projects, the display has been well maintained, and during the summer attracts more than 1,000 visitors a day as children and adults climb Hangman's Hill to be photographed with the gamboling monsters. To our knowledge, Rapid City is the only place in the world where you can get your picture taken while petting a Triceratops.

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Francis *and* **Roberta Fugate** *are enthusiastic travelers and reporters of the American West.*

WESTERN CAMP TALES

DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY MARK D. TUCCI

Little Phil's Foreign Relations

by Mike Blakely

General Phil Sheridan could act fast if he had to, but he preferred to rely on careful planning. Short-legged, pot-bellied, possessed of a quick temper and a staggering aptitude for profanity, "Little Phil" believed in complete preparation.

Late in 1871 the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia arrived in America and expressed an interest in hunting buffalo. It became Phil Sheridan's job as commander of the Western Division of the U.S. Army to make sure Alexis enjoyed a successful hunt. He planned everything to the minute.

Sheridan ordered the troops at Fort McPherson, Nebraska, to erect a tent city on the buffalo range a day's ride southwest of the post. He arranged for a special train to carry the hunting party as close as possible by rail. He rounded up a herd of well-trained buffalo horses. And to make sure Alexis actually killed a buffalo, Sheridan called in the two most flamboyant plainsmen he knew — Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer and Buffalo Bill Cody. He even included a party of Brulé Sioux in this makeshift wild West show.

Sheridan timed the hunt to allow the Grand Duke to kill his first buffalo, with the help of Custer and Cody, on his twenty-second birthday. The general planned everything so perfectly that a buggy bearing champagne arrived just as Alexis was gloating over his first kill.

Sheridan must have gloated, too, over the success of the hunt. Relations with Russia had never been so cordial. After two cold January days on the prairie, it was on to Cheyenne and then to Denver where a grand ball honored the Duke. At this ball, however, General Sheridan's propensities for elaborate planning were frustrated.

Buffalo Bill had told Alexis that the total kill for the party's two-day hunt in Nebraska — fifty-six animals — was nothing to brag about, causing the Grand Duke to desire a chance for a better showing. A fiddler in the orchestra provided the opportunity. Chalkley Beeson was a musically inclined plainsman who had ridden 150 miles from Kit Carson, Colorado, to fiddle for the ball. He reported huge herds of bison down around Kit Carson.

Colonel Custer rushed across the ballroom floor to tell Sheridan the news, but Phil was opposed to any more hunting. There was no time to plan. There were no buffalo horses available; there were no tents, no guides, no champagne. But when the Grand Duke expressed his desire to assault the Kit Carson herd, Little Phil could not diplomatically disappoint him.

Sheridan made what plans he could. He hired the fiddler Chalkley Beeson as a guide. He wired Fort Wallace, Kansas, and ordered the troops there to deliver horses, mules, and wagons to Kit Carson. He wired a Kit Carson freighter to order tents and food and drink for the party.

Just two days later, Custer's scouts found buffalo to the east of the party's camp near Kit Carson. The Grand Duke Alexis mounted Chalkley Beeson's well-trained buffalo horse, charged into the herd with Custer, and made the first kill. Custer then ordered the soldiers and freighters to attack the herd in mass.

Little Phil Sheridan and Beeson walked to the top of a rise to watch the slaughter. They saw the rabble of inexperienced hunters charge the herd on untrained cavalry mounts. They saw the horses panic and bolt in a hundred different directions, some of them running among the buffalo. Infuriated by the chaos, General Sheridan began uttering expletives.

A curtain of alkali dust hung in the air by the time the horses settled down. Recklessly chasing small herds of terrified buffalo, some of the hunters circled back toward Sheridan and Beeson. Bullets began to whistle past the general's ears and clip the buffalo grass

around him. Sheridan had seldom attracted as much fire in his Civil War battles or in his Indian campaigns. He dropped to the dirt and fell into paroxysms of profanity, cussing everyone who rode within earshot, including Custer and the Grand Duke.

When the danger of bullets and stampede had passed, Sheridan got up and saw a wounded calf running his way. He ordered Beeson to catch it. The fiddler grabbed the animal by the tail while the general ran up as quickly as his short legs would allow to put it out of misery with a pistol shot.

Wondrously, no one was killed or permanently injured in the Kit Carson hunt. Two hundred bison were bagged, Alexis was ecstatic, and Phil Sheridan found some bourbon. He probably thought he could forget the ill-planned affair, but it was destined to haunt him.

Years later Little Phil attended a ball in Virginia City, Nevada, where he got to bragging to some cronies about his great hunt with the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. In the middle of Sheridan's story, the fiddler in the band interrupted.

"I, too, was on that hunt," said Chalkley Beeson.

"I don't remember you," Sheridan replied.

"You should," said Beeson to Little Phil's utter chagrin. "I was the man who held the buffalo by the tail so you could kill it."

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The best first-hand source is "A Royal Buffalo Hunt" in *Transactions of the Kansas State Historical Society* (vol. 10, 1907–1908). See also *A Gallery of Dudes* by Marshall Sprague (Boston, 1966) for an account of the Grand Duke's visit to the west. The story of the Virginia City meeting between Sheridan and Beeson is in *The Great Rascal—The Life and Adventures of Ned Buntline* by James Monaghan (Boston, 1952).

Mike Blakely *is a free-lance writer who publishes in a number of national magazines.*

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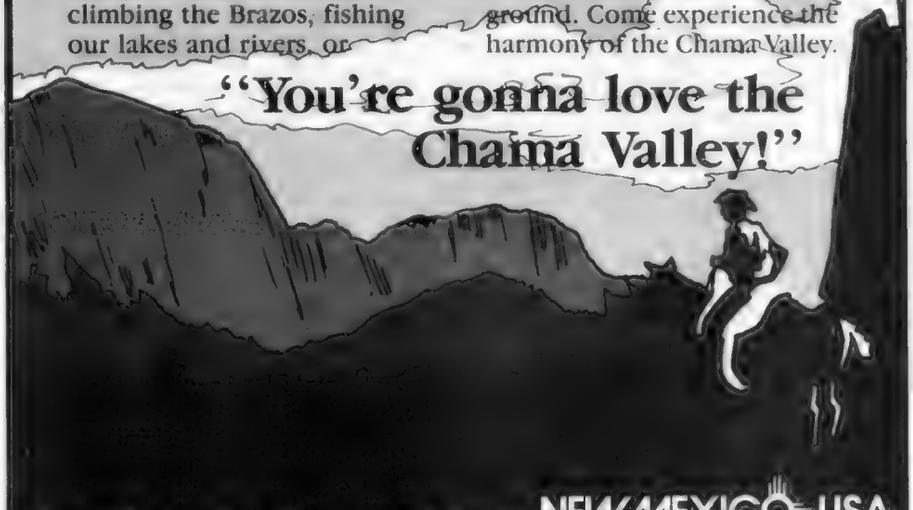

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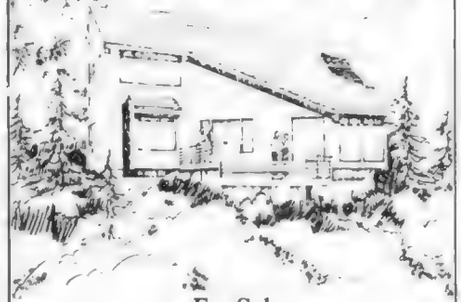

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Drylands: The Deserts of North America *text and photographs by Philip Hyde, introduction and notes by David Rains Wallace (A Yolla Bolly Press Book, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, New York, 1987; 176 pp., illus., biblio., index, $75.00).*

Philip Hyde has been photographing the arid West for many years. This book presents ninety-five of his full-color images of the desert. His superb pictures — taken primarily with a large-format camera — express the savage, yet fragile ambience of the Painted, Mojave, Sonoran, Chihuahuan, and Great Basin deserts. His text is comprised mostly of journal vignettes from his encounters with the drylands and is complemented by an introduction and notes by natural historian David Rains Wallace. Line drawings of desert flora and fauna, and maps complete this beautifully produced large-format volume.

The Tumbleweed Gourmet: Cooking with Wild Southwestern Plants *by Carolyn J. Niethammer (University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1987; 229 pp., illus., appen., index, $20.00).*

Drawing on recent ethnobotanical research, Carolyn Neithammer provides 173 original recipes that demonstrate how the rich and abundant southwestern native foods can be exploited and cooked. The original inhabitants of the Southwest relied on many of the same edible plants for nutrition that modern desert dwellers can now turn into tasty dishes, according to the author. All the recipes — from brandied prickly pears to tepary bean vegetarian pâté — are written with modern utensils in mind.

My First Summer in the Sierra *by John Muir with wood engravings by Michael McCurdy and a foreword and notes by Fredrick Turner (Yolla Bolly Press, Covelo, Calif., 1988; 172 pp., illus., $785.00 cloth, $1150.00 limited leather edition).*

John Muir first journeyed into the Sierra Nevada in the summer of 1869, and this book, written forty-one years later, is based on the journal he kept during that trek. Written with humor, compassion, and a sense of discovery, the account is filled with vivid details of plant and animal life, and of clouds, cascading waterfalls, and sculpted peaks.

The Yolla Bolly Press has made a name for itself by producing beautiful books and limited editions. *My First Summer in the Sierra* should be no exception (because of the high cost of the volume the editors of AMERICAN WEST have not seen a copy). The leather-bound edition is limited to twenty-five copies and includes an unbound set of the twelve McCurdy engravings.

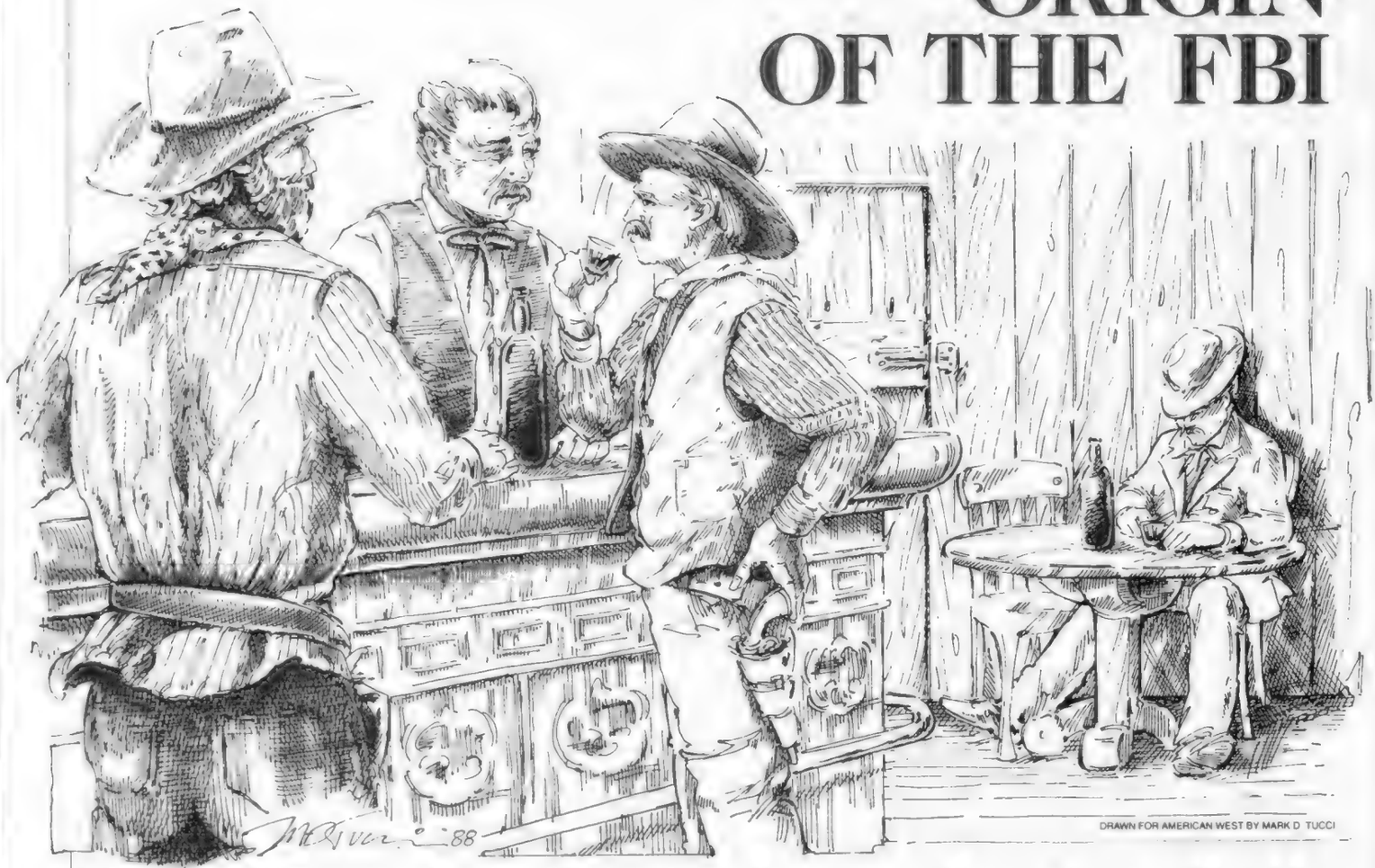
Bitter Mellon: Stories from the Last Rural Chinese Town in America *by Jeff Gillenkirk and James Motlow with an introduction by Sucheng Chan (Univ. of Washington Press, Seattle, 1987; illus., appens., biblio., 143 pp., $35.00 cloth, $19.95 paper).*

Bitter Melon is the story of Locke, California, a small town in the Sacramento River Delta that was built by Chinese for Chinese. During its heyday from the 1920s to the 1940s, it was an island of Chinese culture. Locke was also a wide-open town with brothels, gambling houses, stores, and restaurants, all catering mostly to single Chinese men. It remained largely a Chinese community until the 1970s when the older residents began to die and were not replaced by younger generations. Businesses failed and the town fell into disrepair. Today it is a historic district made up of small wooden houses, many under restoration. Photographer James Motlow lived in Locke in the 1970s — one of the few non-Chinese to do so — and recorded many of its residents on film. *Bitter Melon* is a compilation of his photos, his recollections of living in Locke, and a series of reminiscences by many local Chinese.

The Dictionary of Gambling and Gaming *by Thomas L. Clark (Lexik House Publishers, Cold Spring, N.Y., 1987, biblio., 263 pp., $48.00).*

Entertaining and enlightening lingo and technical vocabulary fill the pages of this dictionary — a specialized lexicon on games of skill and chance. Everything from able whacket ("a stinging blow, usually administered to the forearm of the loser of a wager") to zuke ("tip given to a casino dealer") is included.

NEBRASKA SKULDUGGERY AND THE ORIGIN OF THE FBI



Land fraud and murder in the Sandhills

Compelling events leading to the creation of the Federal Bureau of Investigation took place in the Sandhills of western Nebraska early in this century. Up in arms over fraudulent claims of public lands in the West, as well as the activities of big-business trusts in the East, President Theodore Roosevelt created the agency in July of 1908, known then simply as the Bureau of Investigation. Among the first cases that the Bureau looked into were fraudulent land claims and the disappearance of a prosecution witness in Hooker County, western Nebraska.

The following account concludes with information that the author learned half a century after the murder trial described, throwing light on a long-standing mystery. — Editor

by Nellie Snyder Yost

O. F. HAMILTON MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED from the village of Mullen, Hooker County, Nebraska, on a raw night in April of 1908. Although several people made a determined search for Hamilton a week after his disappearance and a grand jury was called to examine the men who knew him best or had seen him last, nothing was learned as to his fate or whereabouts.

An attorney, Hamilton was not well liked, as he was a "locator" for settlers seeking to homestead in the region. He suffered the reputation of many locators who encouraged settlers to go onto land unsuitable for farming and who sometimes swindled the newcomers by taking fees for land that had already been claimed.

Cattlemen especially hated Hamilton because he represented a number of settlers in legal suits challenging fraudulent claims by which certain ranchers had gained possession of government land. Intent upon keeping the rolling grassland of the Sandhills as a range for their cattle, ranchers sometimes used high-handed methods, including murder, to scare off settlers or anyone else in the way. They justified these activities by pointing out that the land was not good farmland anyway.

Townspeople began speculating as to which of Hamilton's many enemies might be responsible for his disappearance. Since the locator had helped send some prominent cattlemen to jail for fencing government land, rumors spread that ranchers had conspired against him. But no evidence to support that rumor ever came to light.

One result of Hamilton's absence was the collapse of a court case against a local businessman. When the locator disappeared, he was scheduled to give witness soon afterward in a case against Bob McBride, who was accused of operating a saloon in defiance of the local prohibition law. Since the absent Hamilton was one of the main witnesses against the saloonkeeper, the case foundered without him, but McBride, thought to be well-to-do, closed his business and left town, apparently broke.

Two years passed before Mullenites learned what had happened to O. F. Hamilton. The case broke because of the drunken boasting of Frank Cleavenger, a young ranch hand. He boasted that he knew who had killed Hamilton, and where the lawyer was buried. When confronted by authorities, Cleavenger led them to a spot in the stockyards near the railroad tracks. After a few minutes of digging, the sheriff and his men uncovered a bundle wrapped in a blanket.

Almost two years to the day after the disappearance of O. F. Hamilton, his bones were lifted from a makeshift grave and carried to an empty boxcar standing on a nearby sidetrack. The officers and the sizable crowd that had gathered during the afternoon viewed the remains, and everybody who had known the locator agreed they were Hamilton's. The hair and mustache were the right color, the big ring on the skeleton's little finger was Hamilton's, the boots and the mildewed clothing were his, even a hernia truss among the bones was recognized. Only his false teeth were missing. By dark just about everybody in town had taken a look at what was left of the locator and at the jagged hole just above his temple, a hole that measured "three inches long by about two inches wide." No one had the slightest doubt that the bones were Hamilton's and that his death had been due to a hefty blow on the head.

A Civil War veteran, the locator was given a proper burial with military honors in the Mullen graveyard. Cleavenger was lodged in the county jail and his confession recorded. He stated that the killing had taken place on April 16, 1908, and he implicated two other men, Harry McIntyre and Charles Rector.

The story, as told by Cleavenger, was substantially as follows. Hamilton had gone to McBride's saloon (a "blind pig") that April afternoon to have a few drinks. He was sitting at a table by the west wall, half drunk, when Cleavenger and McIntyre entered the saloon toward evening. The owner, Bob McBride, was there for awhile. After he went home, one of the others, McIntyre or the bartender Charlie Rector, went over and began to talk to Hamilton, a subpoenaed prosecution witness in McBride's upcoming trial for operating an illegal saloon.

"How are you going to testify at that trial?" he finally asked the lawyer-locator. "I'm going to tell the truth," Hamilton replied. "There's too big a penalty for perjury, and I'm not taking any risks."

The three men, all friends of McBride, talked it over and decided he should know what Hamilton had said. Two of them went to his home and told him. As a result McBride offered to pay $1,000 to the man who would "rub Hamilton out" and said they should draw straws to see who would do it.

BACK AT THE SALOON THE MEN DISCUSSED McBride's offer and decided it was a deal. While the three prepared and drew straws, Hamilton, now quite drunk, snored over an empty beer glass at the side table. Cleavenger drew the short straw, considered a moment, then said flatly, "I can't do it." "Well, I can," McIntyre said. Picking up his gun (an ivory-handled revolver), he walked over to Hamilton and hit him on the temple with the butt end of it. The locator groaned, and his false teeth fell on the floor and skidded out of sight. He sagged sideways and slid down beside the table, his head bleeding on the floor.

"Then Harry told Rector and me we'd have to help him bury Hamilton and that he'd kill both of us if we ever said a word about it," Cleavenger stated. At that moment they heard a knock on the door.

In great haste McIntyre and Rector half carried, half dragged the locator, a big man, to the back of the room and stuffed him into a cellar hole, ordinarily used for storing beer, while Cleavenger, at Rector's order, covered the blood on the floor with sweeping compound. Then, shaken and scared, they opened the door to a bunch of hands from the UBI Ranch, including young Tom Quinn. The group stayed only long enough for a round of drinks.

When the cowboys had gone, the murderer and his helpers fetched a two-wheeled manure cart from the livery stable, where McIntyre worked, and loaded Hamilton's body into it. "It was after midnight by then," Cleavenger said. "Harry and I pushed the cart, and Rector carried two shovels, and we went

to the stockyards." There, in the blackness of the rainy night, they scooped out a shallow grave and buried the blanketed body. Smoothing the earth flat over the grave, they left the rain to erase all traces of their work and went back to clean up the saloon. While sweeping the floor and scrubbing up the blood, they found the dead man's false teeth, and McIntyre sent one of the men to throw them down the privy behind the saloon.

The discovery of Hamilton's body in 1910 and the story of his murder, as told by Cleavenger, set the countryside buzzing. Speculation was rife that other prominent men were implicated; several government agents, seeking out fraudulent filing evidence, heard strange tales; and newspapers in Lincoln and Omaha carried lurid accounts of the trouble in the Sandhills.

Within the next few weeks Harry McIntyre, Charlie Rector, and Bob McBride were picked up and charged in the murder of O. F. Hamilton. McIntyre immediately retained Judge Homer Sullivan, well-known criminal lawyer of Broken Bow, down in Custer County. Sullivan hurried to Mullen to have a look at the remains and a talk with McIntyre. According to the *Nebraska State Journal* of April 18, 1910, the attorney returned to Broken Bow and "declared the skull showed no sign of fracture and the man must have died from some other cause." In the light of later events, it appears that Sullivan had even then formulated a bizarre scheme to free McIntyre of the charge of murder and thereby get a number of other fellows off the hook as well.

Tension was high in the town when the trial opened on June 14, 1910. Reporters from the state's big dailies were on hand, and the courtroom was crowded. After several days during which the jury was impaneled and witnesses then positively identified the remains as O. F. Hamilton's, young Frank Cleavenger took the stand to tell about the night of the murder. During his testimony, he became very agitated, contradicting himself and directing the prosecution as to which questions they should ask. After examination by defense attorney Sullivan, Cleavenger fled the courthouse, attempting to escape from the sheriff. This unusual behavior led to the discrediting of Cleavenger's unsupported testimony.

Defense attorney Sullivan next introduced evidence that appeared to prove that the recovered body was not Hamilton's. After the grave was opened for further examination of the body during the trial, Sullivan held up the skull for all to see. It bore no injury; it had all its teeth; further, the color of the hair and beard was different from Hamilton's. Sullivan then called upon a pair of bone structure experts he had imported from Chicago to show the court that, due to the unusual thickness of the skull seams, the curly black hair, and other factors, the skull was that of a black man.

In spite of the fact that most Mullenites were convinced that the body they had seen taken from a stockyard grave was Hamilton's and that it had a jagged hole in the skull, the evidence of the head produced in court seemed to prove otherwise. And so, at 8:15 on the evening of June 22, after a week-long trial, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, and McIntyre walked from the little Sandhills courtroom a free man.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

While gathering material in 1965 for her Call of the Range, *a history of the cattle industry in Nebraska, the author interviewed Tom Quinn, a retired cowboy and local historian. During these conversations, she discovered that Quinn had information about the murder of O. F. Hamilton in 1908. For fifty-seven years, long after the death of everyone involved in the murder trial, Quinn had kept secret his knowledge that unraveled the mystery of Hamilton's death. Quinn's taped recol-*

COURTESY KAY KAHL

In the heart of the Nebraska Sandhills, the little town of Mullen is pictured about the turn of the century. The stockyards where Hamilton was buried are at the extreme right of the photograph, by the railroad tracks. Born in June of 1885, Tom Quinn was about sixty years old when this portrait was taken.

lection about the matter is in the archives of the Nebraska State Historical Society. The author bases the following account on that recollection. Tom Quinn died in 1972. — Editor

AND NOW INTO THE TALE COMES YOUNG TOM Quinn, a native son of the Sandhills. Quinn was a ranch hand on the UBI, and he and other men had worked cattle on April 16, 1908, the day that Hamilton vanished. After supper they decided to ride into Mullen, a dozen or so miles to the north, for a round of drinks at McBride's blind pig. A cold drizzle set in before they reached town, making them eager to get inside the saloon and warm up. Tying their horses to the hitchrail, they hurried to the back door and gave the customary signal. Instead of quickly unbarring the door, someone inside called out "wait a minute."

Shivering, the boys waited for what seemed a long while; then they pounded on the door and yelled to open up before they broke the door down. The door swung open, and the UBI hands crowded inside. Three men were in the saloon: the bartender Charlie Rector, Frank Cleavenger, and Harry McIntyre. Usually a jovial fellow, the bartender was fidgety and uneasy, the other two silent and unfriendly.

While the cowhands downed their drinks, they noticed the heavy layer of sweeping compound covering the middle of the floor and a section along one wall beside a table. Then, feeling definitely unwanted, they passed up a second round and left. As they mounted their horses and set out on the cold ride home, they commented on the unsociability of Rector, Cleavenger, and McIntyre. It *had* been late, and no doubt Rector wanted to get the place swept out and go home. Still, the men needn't have been so sour, the boys concluded, after which they forgot all about it.

About a year after Hamilton's disappearance, a young fellow posing as a farmhand had come to Mullen looking for work. In reality, he was a United States Secret Service Agent sent to Hooker County, Nebraska, by President Roosevelt's brand new Bureau of Investigation under Attorney General Charles J. Bonaparte. Influenced by the buildup of sentiment against cattlemen, Roosevelt had instructed Bonaparte to set up the Bureau for the investigation of fraudulent land claims and *other rangeland matters in the sandhills of Nebraska*. One of the "other rangeland matters" was the disappearence of Hamilton, the principal witness in the case against Bob McBride in the illegal operation of a saloon.

The young Secret Service man had hung around town for a few days, listening to the still-prevalent talk concerning the mysterious absence of the locator. He then became very friendly with young Frank Cleavenger, and from then on the two hired out to neighboring ranches together, went to dances, and treated each other to a beer when it came handy. Then on a day in April 1910, over a glass of beer in a neighboring town, the government man confided to his pal that it was really easy to kill a man and that after you'd done it once or twice, it didn't bother you any more. Cleavenger rose to the bait. "I never killed anybody," he said, "but I saw it done once. Maybe it's easy, but it sure makes you nervous."

The agent informed Mullen authorities, and after questioning, Cleavenger led Sheriff Cloyd of Hooker County and other officers to the stockyards beside the railroad tracks. After a few unsuccessful tries, the men uncovered a blanket-wrapped bundle. For the patient government agent, the trail had ended at last in this shallow grave in a cowtown stock pen. And with the finding of Hamilton's grave and the confession of Cleavenger, Tom Quinn and his UBI pals realized that they had almost walked in on a cold-blooded murder two years before in Bob McBride's blind pig.

With excitement over the coming trial running high, on a

sunny day in May three men came to see Tom Quinn — Sheriff Cloyd, Homer Sullivan (attorney for the defense), and W. D. Oldham (special prosecutor in the case). They offered Quinn one hundred dollars if he would dig up Hamilton's body in the Mullen cemetery. The attorneys explained that they wanted to see the remains before the trial opened in June.

Quinn was willing, for the job looked like easy money to a young married man trying to get started. In the presence of the three, he opened the grave, unscrewed and removed the lids from the rough box and coffin. Then Sullivan asked him to twist off the head and hand it up so they could have a close look at it. "Gosh no, that wasn't in the deal," Quinn protested. But Sullivan insisted, and Quinn finally did so. When they handed back the toothless skull with its jagged hole, he replaced it in the coffin, then pulled off the new pair of gloves he wore (knowing he would never want to wear them again), and crossed them neatly on the skeleton's breastbone. After screwing the lids back in place, he climbed out of the grave and filled it in.

DURING THE TRIAL, AFTER THE INCIDENT WHEN Frank Cleavenger attempted to escape, Tom Quinn was again approached by Sheriff Cloyd, defense attorney Sullivan, and special prosecutor Oldham. They asked him to open Hamilton's grave once more. "We need the skull in court tomorrow morning to prove that Hamilton is actually dead," Sullivan said. Wondering if he would ever be done with digging up the locator and why the lawyer hadn't kept the skull when he had it out of the grave the first time, Quinn took his shovel and set to work.

As soon as he lifted the coffin lid, Quinn felt a most unpleasant chill. "Something was wrong, and I was sure scared," he related. "Those gloves I'd put on Hamilton's chest were down to one side of him — and I knew damn well Hamilton hadn't put 'em there. And the head wasn't the one I'd put back in the coffin the other time."

The head in the coffin, this time, was a black man's head, with bits of curly black hair still sticking to the skull. It had all its teeth, and no jagged hole over the temple. While he wrapped the head in a piece of brown paper and handed it up to Sullivan, Quinn was doing some quick thinking. The fact that the locator's head was no longer in the grave with the rest of his bones, and that the undamaged head of a black man was, indicated that Sullivan meant to win an acquittal for McIntyre by proving the body was not Hamilton's. There was now no evidence that Hamilton had been murdered or that he was even dead.

Furthermore, all the men known or suspected of having anything to do with the murder were in town and so were their friends. If McIntyre went free, so did the rest of them. Hence, Quinn concluded, he had better be very careful as to what he said and did during the next few hours, or he might wind up in about the same shape as Hamilton. While he filled in the grave again, he figured out where the black man's head had come from.

About two years back, while Quinn and a UBI crew were loading cattle at Hecla siding, ten miles west of Mullen, a black workman had been killed when accidentally struck by the train engine. Since no one knew where he came from or who his people were, he was quickly buried in the sand beside the tracks. Quinn had no doubt that the head he had just taken out of Hamilton's coffin had belonged to the unfortunate black man. A ride to Hecla a few days later confirmed his suspicion: the sunflowers around the grave were trampled down, and the earth had been recently disturbed.

Among the newspaper articles appearing after the close of the trial, a piece in the Omaha *World Herald* (July 3, 1910, page 3-M) spoke to the reason behind the murder of Hamilton.

> When Hamilton's body was found ugly rumors crept out over the state to the effect that the murder was the outgrowth of conspiracy of the land men. Not a syllable of testimony to that effect came out at the trial. . . . Rather in the opinion of the majority of those who know anything about the case, it was Hamilton's fight on the saloons which cost him his life.

This was the firm belief of Tom Quinn, who kept his knowledge of the case to himself for more than half a century. As Quinn told this writer in 1965, he was convinced that Robert McBride, who owned the blind pig where Hamilton spent his last hours, was behind the murder:

> People in Mullen thought McBride had money, but soon after Hamilton disappeared, he seemed to be broke; so he closed out his business and left town. It must've cleaned him out when he paid McIntyre off. And the only way I can figure those lawyers out is that they were both paid off by somebody, maybe by *both* sides, for they both knew the head I dug up the second time wasn't the one I twisted off and handed up to 'em the first time. Maybe only one of 'em knew how the black's head got in that grave, and the other one, or the sheriff either, didn't have the guts to say anything about it, or maybe they just thought it was too late to do anything about it.

At any rate, those first Bureau of Investigation agents, sent into the Sandhills in 1908 to unravel the riddle of O. F. Hamilton's disappearance and gather evidence on the land fraud cases, found their men — not only the locator's killer but the leaders in the illegal land entry cases as well.

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Nellie Snyder Yost *is a Great Plains historian. She has written ten books covering the Plains from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada. Her home is in North Platte, Nebraska.*

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ENTRIES

You may submit up to 3 photos on a Western subject, which will be judged on originality, quality, and technique. Be sure to enclose the official entry form (or a 3" x 5" facsimile) giving your name, address, daytime telephone number, and total number of photographs entered. There is a single entry fee of $3 per participant, whether you enter 1 or 3 photos. Make check or money order payable to "AMERICAN WEST Photo." AMERICAN WEST acquires the right to publish and use for exhibit or promotion all winning photographs.

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Each photograph must be clearly marked on the back with the name, address, and daytime telephone number of the photographer, the place the photo was taken, and the type of camera and film used, along with any special lenses, equipment, or techniques. Model releases must accompany all photos that include identifiable people.

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A stamped, self-addressed envelope of sufficient size and with sufficient postage (no metered postage) must accompany your photographs for their return. Include cardboard to protect your photos. AMERICAN WEST is not responsible for material lost or damaged in the mail.

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Your entry must be postmarked by midnight of December 31, 1988. Late entries will be returned unopened. Send to: AMERICAN WEST Photo Contest, 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd., Suite 30, Tucson, AZ 85715.

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STONE, COPPER, AND GLASS CONTEMPORARY

Asymmetrical geometry in Cave Creek

by Nora Burba and Paula Panich • Photographs by Terrence Moore

The house cascades southward down a ridge, facing vistas of Phoenix to the south. Made of native stone, wood, and metal, the house blends into the colors of the surrounding desertscape. Various levels of decks offer the family different areas for outdoor living.

A three-inch-wide skylight at the ridge of the roof shoots a dramatic shaft of light across the entry and living room. Lined with brass, the skylight also is fitted with small bulbs; so, the effect is equally dramatic at night. Cabinetry to the right holds entertainment equipment.

Drawn to the small town of Cave Creek, Arizona, by its clean air, cactus forests, and rugged terrain, Fred and Cathie Rosenbaum built a dramatic contemporary home on a ten-acre slope. Located about an hour's drive from downtown Phoenix, the house is a rugged piece of sculpture cascading down the ridge, a celebration of natural materials.

The Rosenbaums took their time deciding what kind of house they wanted here and acquainted themselves with the topography of their land. By the time they were ready to build, they knew that they wanted a stone house that "flowed" down the south-facing ridge of their property, capturing views of the valley and Phoenix beyond. They also knew whom they wanted to do the design — architect William Bruder, who has made his mark

From the Bantam Book, American Design: The Desert Southwest, *text by Nora Burba and Paula Panich, photographs by Terrence Moore, © 1987 by The Miller Press, Inc. Photographs © 1987 by Terrence Moore. Used by permission. All rights reserved.*

By night, the wood, metal, and stone of the living room bask in a warm light. A brass-clad hearth and mantelpiece seem to float above the living room floor when lit from below. The chairs and sofa are soft, buff-colored leather. The area rug, an original design by the architect, echoes the theme of the hallway rug. Windows unencumbered by curtains or blinds offer spectacular views of lingering sunsets. When lit, the ridge skylight adds sparkle to the ceiling.

A half wall hugs the open, raised kitchen, separating it from the rest of the main room. Two sinks, butcher block countertops, and task lighting hidden behind brass valances above the counters make the kitchen efficient and easy to maintain. On the left, the "picture frame" windows in the dining room are visible. Set low in the wall, the small openings are designed to be at the eye level of diners seated around the adjacent table.

in contemporary Southwestern architecture by designing buildings that relate to the surrounding environment.

The multi-level house is constructed of native stone, metal, and wood, giving the appearance of being a natural part of the desertscape. Though elegant and strong in design, it is suited to the family's informal life-style. The house makes it easy to entertain friends who come up from the city, as well as take advantage of the surrounding landscape.

BAUBLES & BANGLES

Jeweler Tiemeier's Unusual Designs

PHOTO BY VERNON LEAT

While still in high school in Kansas, Lynne Tiemeier won her first jewelry-making competition at age sixteen. Over the next few years Tiemeier studied with fourth-generation Dutch goldsmith Rudolf Brom, and with Mary Kretsinger, a noted goldsmith and enamelist. Metalsmith Carlyle Smith was one of Tiemeier's fine-arts instructors at the University of Kansas, where Tiemeier studied for two years before marrying husband Wayne.

After focusing her time for several years on raising four children, Tiemeier began working for a large jewelry company that also handles repair work. She describes her co-workers as "seven gentlemen whose collective years at repair work made them like professors, with me as their only pupil." Not readily accepted at first in the all-male department, Tiemeier gained the respect of her colleagues with the quality of her work. In her scrutiny of pieces that came in for repair, she identified mistakes of other jewelry makers, learning what not to do in designing and crafting fine jewelry. The experience was invaluable — it brought refinement to her technique and design work.

Today Tiemeier has her own studio where she spends most of her time on custom jewelry pieces. Though the design of each piece is suggested by discussions with the client, Tiemeier says she prefers simplicity, the unconventional, the unexpected and feels that "a piece should reflect beauty beyond the surface."

Paying little attention to current trends, Tiemeier experiments with new materials. An accomplished metalsmith, the artist also works with strands of wool, silk, and cotton fibers, as well as suede, bone, and shells. In choosing plain stones or semiprecious gemstones for her pieces, Tiemeier selects those that are unusual in color or shape.

Small pebbles that Tiemeier's mother brought back from a trip to the Holy Land inspired the contemporary design of the sterling silver necklace shown here. The small stones are caught in the swinging sections of the piece, giving it a unique balance.

A member of the Kansas City Artists' Coalition, Tiemeier displays her work at selected area art shows; at Accents, a shop in the Westport area of Kansas City, Missouri; and at her studio at 3815 West 171 Street, Stilwell, Kansas 66085, telephone (913) 681-8110.

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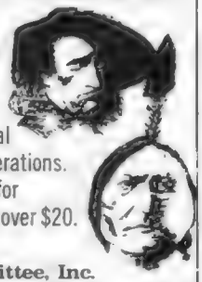

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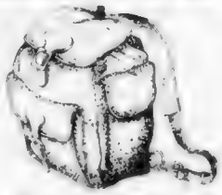

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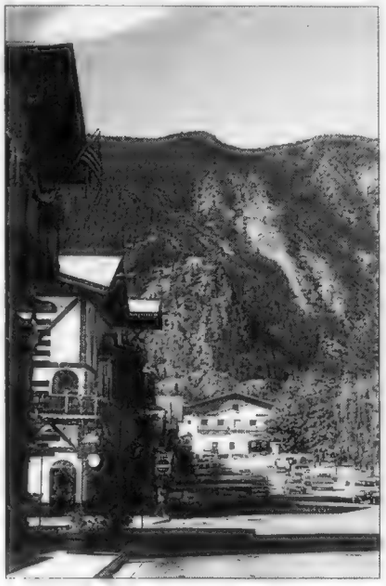

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A3 **Flying E Ranch**, Wickenburg
A4 **Hassayampa Inn**, Prescott
A5 **Kay El Bar Guest Ranch**, Wickenburg
A6 **L'Auberge de Sedona**, Sedona
A7 **Little America**, Flagstaff
A8 **Loews Ventana Canyon Resort**, Tucson
A9 **The Orchards**, Sedona
A10 **Paradise Valley**, Scottsdale
A11 **Poco Diablo**, Sedona
A12 **Rancho de los Caballeros**, Wickenburg
A13 **Stouffer Cottonwoods Resort**, Scottsdale
A14 **Tucson Doubletree Hotel**, Tucson
A15 **Tucson National Resort & Spa**, Tucson
A16 **Westcourt in the Buttes**, Tempe
A17 **Westward Look Resort**, Tucson
A18 **Wickenburg Inn Tennis & Guest Ranch**, Wickenburg
A19 **The Wigwam Inn, Inc.**, Litchfield
A20 **Hacienda del Sol**, Tucson

ARKANSAS

B1 **Scott Valley Dude Ranch**, Mountain Home
B2 **Sheraton Hot Springs Resort**, Hot Springs

CALIFORNIA

C1 **Beach Terrace Inn**, Carlsbad
C2 **Beverly Garland**, Sacramento
C3 **Bodega Bay Lodge**, Bodega Bay
C4 **Breakers Hotel**, Long Beach
C5 **Chateau**, Napa
C6 **Embarcadero Inn**, Morro Bay
C7 **Embassy Suites Napa**, Napa
C8 **Fairfield Harbortown Resort**, Ventura
C9 **Gene Autry Hotel**, Palm Springs
C10 **Griswold's Hotel**, Claremont
C11 **Half Moon Bay Lodge**, Half Moon Bay
C12 **Hotel Durant**, Berkeley
C13 **Hotel La Rose**, Santa Rosa
C14 **Hunewill Circle H**, Bridgeport
C15 **Industry Hills Sheraton Resort**, City of Industry
C16 **La Playa Hotel**, Carmel
C17 **Le Meridien**, San Francisco
C18 **Montecito Inn**, Santa Barbara
C19 **Piccadilly Inn Shaw**, Fresno
C20 **Piccadilly Inn Airport**, Fresno
C21 **Piccadilly Inn University**, Fresno
C22 **Rankin Ranch**, Caliente
C23 **San Luis Bay Inn**, Avila Beach
C24 **The Shaw House Inn**, Ferndale
C25 **Sheraton Royal Scandinavian**, Solvang
C26 **Sheraton Sunnyvale Hotel**, Sunnyvale
C27 **Stallion Springs Resort**, Tehachapi
C28 **Toll House Inn**, Boonville
C29 **Tree House Inn**, Mt. Shasta
C30 **White Sulphur Springs Ranch**, Clio

COLORADO

D1 **Antlers Hotel**, Colorado Springs
D2 **Aspen Lodge Ranch Resort**, Estes Park
D3 **Bar Lazy J Ranch**, Parshall
D4 **Brown Palace**, Denver
D5 **Cherokee Park Ranch, Inc.**, Livermore
D6 **Cheyenne Mountain Inn**, Colorado Springs
D7 **Colorado Trails Ranch**, Durango
D8 **Comfort Inn at Silverthorne**, Silverthorne
D9 **Coulter Lake Ranch**, Rifle
D10 **Cowpalace Inn**, Lamar
D11 **Deer Valley Ranch**, Nathrop
D12 **Diamond J Guest Ranch**, Meredith
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D20 **Hearthstone Inn**, Colorado Springs
D21 **Home Ranch**, Clark
D22 **Horseshoe Bend Ranch**, Meredith
D23 **Hotel Boulderado**, Boulder
D24 **Hotel Colorado**, Glenwood Springs
D25 **Imperial Hotel**, Cripple Creek
D26 **Inn at Silvercreek**, Silvercreek
D27 **Iron Horse Resort Retreat**, Winter Park
D28 **Lake Mancos Ranch**, Durango
D29 **Latigo Ranch**, Kremmling
D30 **Lost Valley Ranch**, Sedalia
D31 **MacTiernan's San Juan Ranch**, Ridgway
D32 **Monarch Lodge**, Garfield
D33 **Mountain Chalet**, Snowmass Village
D34 **North Fork Ranch**, Shawnee
D35 **Oxford Alexis Hotel**, Denver
D36 **Peck House**, Empire
D37 **Pine Ranch**, Westcliffe
D38 **Powderhorn Guest Ranch**, Powderhorn
D39 **Queen Anne Inn**, Denver
D40 **Raintree Plaza Hotel**, Longmont
D41 **Rawah Guest Ranch**, Ft. Collins
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D47 **Tamarron**, Durango
D48 **Tumbling River Ranch**, Grant
D49 **Vista Verde Ranch**, Steamboat Springs
D50 **Waunita Hot Springs Ranch**, Gunnison
D51 **Wind River Ranch**, Estes Park

IDAHO

E1 **Best Western Cotton Tree Inn**, Pocatello
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E3 **Cottontree Inn**, Pocatello
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E5 **Templin's Resort Hotel**, Post Falls

IOWA

F1 **Holiday Hotel**, Burlington
F2 **The Inn**, Okoboji
F3 **Lodge at Okoboji**, Okoboji
F4 **Midway Motor Lodge**, Dubuque
F5 **Pzazz Inn**, Burlington
F6 **Red Fox Inn**, Waverly

KANSAS

G1 **Angus Inn**, Great Bend
G2 **Harvest Inn**, Junction City
G3 **Hospitality House**, Emporia
G4 **Inn at Tallgrass**, Wichita
G5 **White Haven**, Overland Park

MINNESOTA

H1 **Ritz Hotel**, Minneapolis

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A3	C2	C23	D14	D35	E5	I9	K8	O4	P1	R11
A4	C3	C24	D15	D36	F1	I10	K9	O5	P2	R12
A5	C4	C25	D16	D37	F2	I11	K10	O6	P3	R13
A6	C5	C26	D17	D38	F3	I12	K11	O7	P4	R14
A7	C6	C27	D18	D39	F4	I13	K12	O8	Q1	R15
A8	C7	C28	D19	D40	F5	I14	K13	O9	Q2	R16
A9	C8	C29	D20	D41	F6	I15	L1	O10	Q3	R17
A10	C9	C30	D21	D42	G1	I16	L2	O11	Q4	R18
A11	C10	D1	D22	D43	G2	I17	L3	O12	Q5	R19
A12	C11	D2	D23	D44	G3	I18	L4	O13	Q6	R20
A13	C12	D3	D24	D45	G4	I19	L5	O14	Q7	R21
A14	C13	D4	D25	D46	G5	I20	M1	O15	R1	
A15	C14	D5	D26	D47	H1	J1	M2	O16	R2	
A16	C15	D6	D27	D48	I1	J2	M3	O17	R3	
A17	C16	D7	D28	D49	I2	K1	M4	O18	R4	
A18	C17	D8	D29	D50	I3	K2	N1	O19	R5	
A19	C18	D9	D30	D51	I4	K3	N2	O20	R6	
A20	C19	D10	D31	E1	I5	K4	N3	O21	R7	
B1	C20	D11	D32	E2	I6	K5	O1	O22	R8	

MONTANA

I1 **63 Ranch,** Livingston
I2 **Allers Boulder River Ranch,** McLeod
I3 **Beartooth Ranch, JLX Outfitter,** Nye
I4 **Best Western Heritage Inn,** Great Falls
I5 **Burnt Leather Ranch,** McLeod
I6 **Circle 8 Ranch,** Choteau
I7 **Circle Bar Guest Ranch,** Utica
I8 **Copper King Inn,** Butte
I9 **Diamond J. Ranch,** Ennis
I10 **Elkhorn Ranch,** Gallatin Gateway
I11 **Flathead Lake Lodge,** Bigfork
I12 **G Bar M Ranch,** Clyde Park
I13 **Hawley Mountain Ranch,** McLeod
I14 **JJJ Wilderness Ranch,** Augusta
I15 **Lazy K Bar Ranch,** Big Timber
I16 **Northern Hotel,** Billings
I17 **Outlaw Inn,** Kalispell
I18 **Seven Lazy P Ranch,** Choteau
I19 **Sweet Grass Ranch,** Big Timber

NEVADA

J1 **Buckhorn Ranch,** Golconda
J2 **Cottonwood Ranch,** O'Neil Basin
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K7 **La Posada de Santa Fe,** Santa Fe
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K13 **Vermejo Park Ranch,** Raton

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L4 **Shangri La Resort,** Alton
L5 **Skirvin Plaza Hotel,** Oklahoma City

OREGON

M1 **Bar M Ranch,** Adams
M2 **Metolius River Lodges,** Camp Sherman
M3 **Steamboat Inn,** Steamboat
M4 **Windmills Ashland Hills Inn,** Ashland

SOUTH DAKOTA

N1 **Franklin Hotel,** Deadwood
N2 **Hotel Alex Johnson,** Rapid City
N3 **Triple R Ranch,** Keystone

TEXAS

O1 **Arlington Hilton,** Arlington
O2 **Best Western Inn of the Hills,** Kerrville
O3 **Driskill,** Austin
O4 **El Paso Marriott,** El Paso
O5 **Embassy Suites,** Abilene
O6 **Embassy Suites,** El Paso
O7 **Gage Hotel,** Marathon
O8 **Green Oaks Inn & Conference,** Ft. Worth
O9 **Hotel Galvez,** Galveston Island
O10 **Howard Johnson Plaza Hotel,** Laredo
O11 **La Mansion,** Austin
O12 **La Mansion del Rio,** San Antonio
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O17 **Stockyards Hotel,** Ft. Worth
O18 **Stoneleigh Hotel,** Dallas
O19 **Tremont House,** Galveston
O20 **Woodlands Inn,** The Woodlands
O21 **Wyndham,** San Antonio
O22 **Wyndham Hotel Travis Cntr.,** Houston
O23 **YO Ranch Hilton,** Kerrville
O24 **Crockett Hotel,** San Antonio

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P3 **Little America,** Salt Lake City
P4 **Washington School Inn,** Park City

WASHINGTON

Q1 **Cavanaugh's,** Kennewick
Q2 **Cavanaugh's Inn at the Park,** Spokane
Q3 **Cavanaugh's River Inn,** Spokane
Q4 **Manresa Castle,** Port Townsend
Q5 **Port Ludlow Resort,** Port Ludlow
Q6 **Rosario Resort and Spa,** Eastsound
Q7 **Westwater Inn,** Olympia

WYOMING

R1 **7 D Guest Ranch,** Cody
R2 **Absaroka Ranch,** Dubois
R3 **Castle Rock Centre,** Cody
R4 **Cross Mill Iron Ranch,** Crowheart
R5 **Crossed Sabres Ranch,** Wapiti
R6 **Eatons Ranch,** Wolf
R7 **Heart Six Ranch,** Moran
R8 **Hunter Peak Ranch,** Cody
R9 **Irma Hotel,** Cody
R10 **Lazy L & B Ranch,** Dubois
R11 **Lockhart Bed & Breakfast Inn,** Cody
R12 **Paradise Guest Ranch,** Buffalo
R13 **R Lazy S Ranch,** Teton Village
R14 **Red Rock Ranch,** Kelly
R15 **Rimrock Dude Ranch,** Cody
R16 **Schively Ranch,** Lovell
R17 **Siggins Triangle X Ranch,** Cody
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R19 **Trail Creek Ranch,** Wilson
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R21 **Wort Hotel,** Jackson

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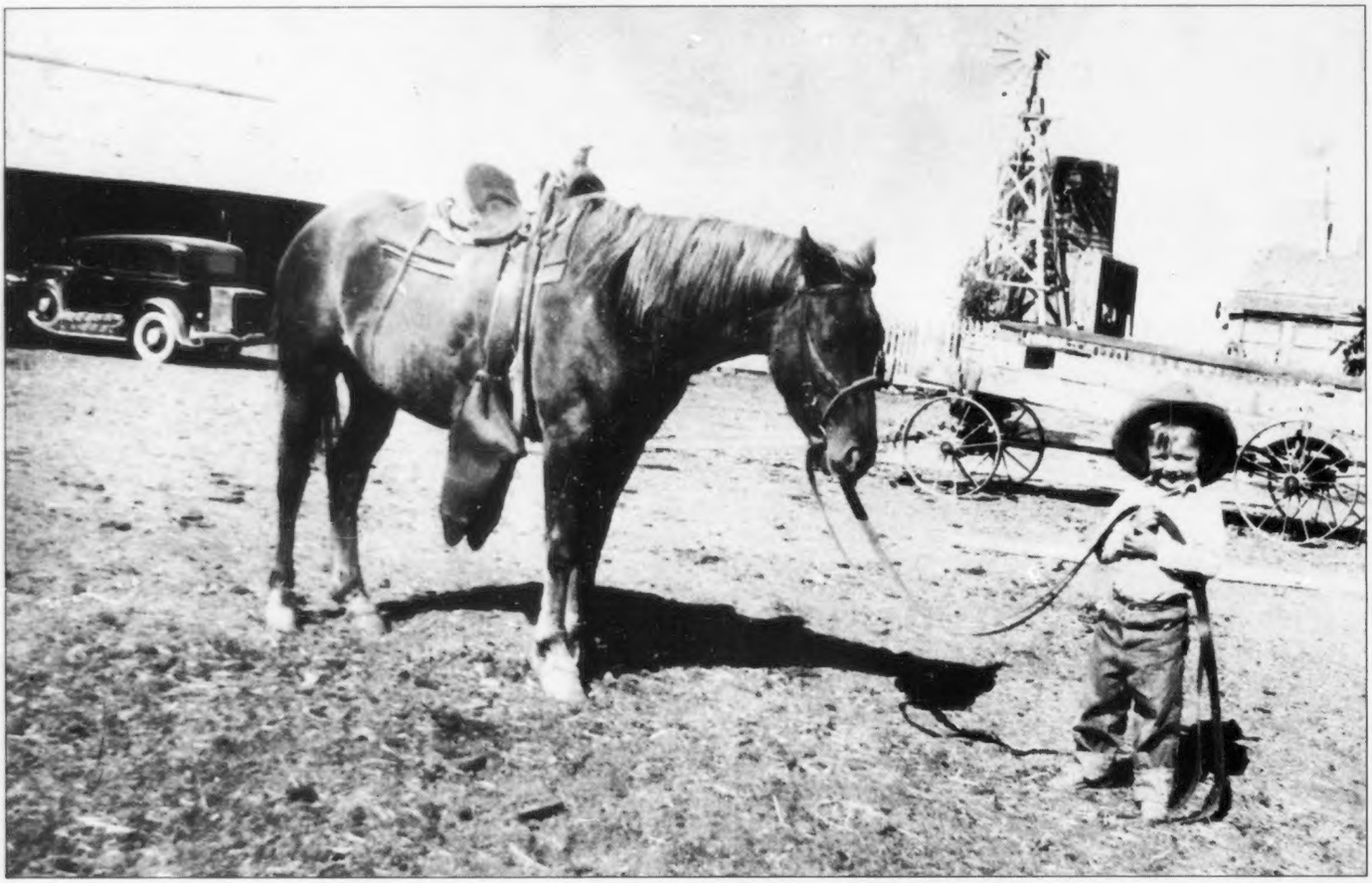


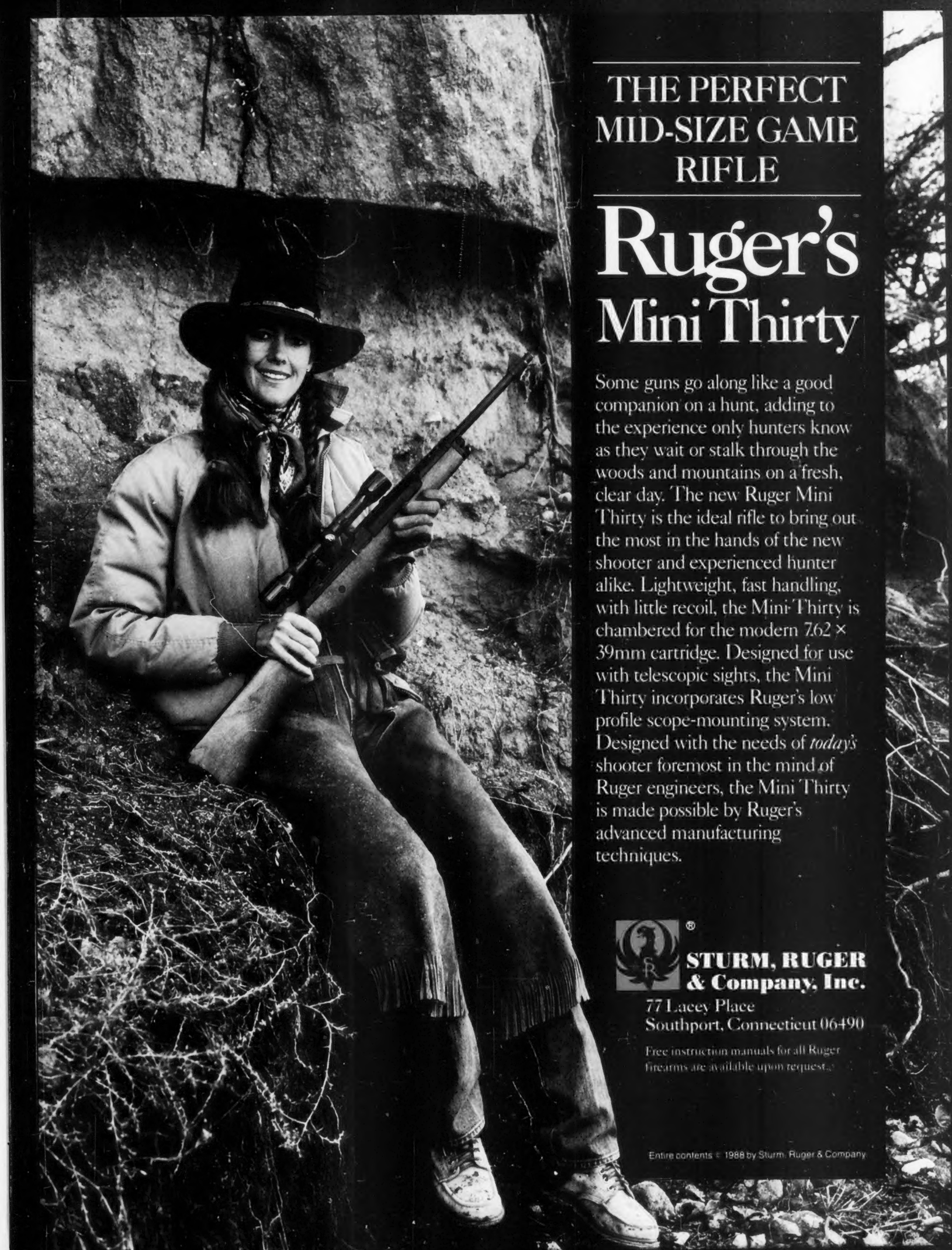
At age four-and-one-half in 1932, "Sprout" (Ray) Connelly was already "horse trained." Soon he would be riding a horse like Flax, shown here, four miles to the one-room Cloverswale School, where his class was never larger than four.

In winter, temperatures could drop well below zero at the Connelly ranch located in northeastern California, between Alturas and Canby. Getting to and from school, young Connelly and his brother were trained to "ride a mile and walk a mile to keep our feet (and the rest of us) from freezing." If a blizzard blew in, the boys were to "turn the horses loose to go home, which by the way they did."

During summers, eighty ranch hands and two hundred horses harvested nine hundred acres of meadow hay on the ranch. By age eight, Ray was a seasoned rider and began helping out for the hefty pay of $1.00 a day. Occasionally on a hot summer day, the young Connelly brothers cooled off with an illicit dip in the water tank (shown in the background) — taboo since it held the ranch's drinking water.

Ray P. Connelly of Ogden, Utah, the boy in the picture, sent us this photograph taken by his mother. Mr. Connelly continued his care for the land in a thirty-nine-year career with the U.S. Forest Service from which he is now retired.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western Snapshot Yesterday is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs that tell stories of bygone times. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Yesterday, 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd., Suite 30, Tucson, Arizona 85715.



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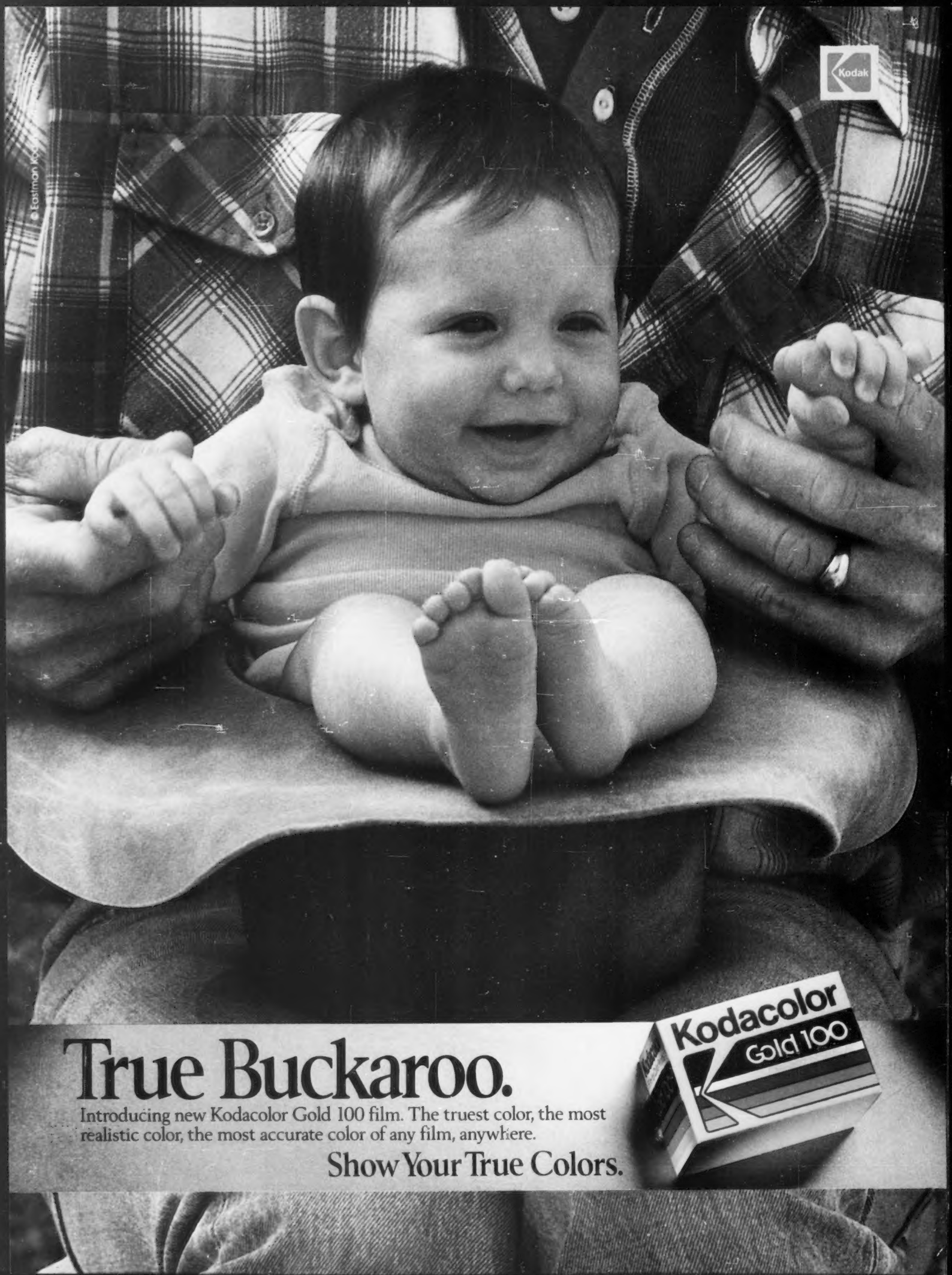

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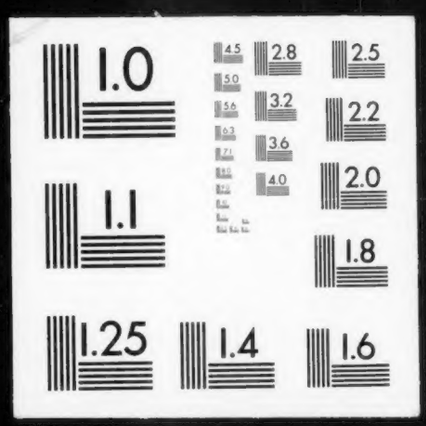
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